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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Henry A. Beers (1847-1926)

THE friends of Professor Beers of Yale will remember an urbanity not of our time and a wisdom less worldly than ours. He was not, in spite of a long list of books, a famous man outside of his own university. Offices and medals were not offered him; he never sought, and never loved, publicity, even on the lips of his pupils and associates. And yet there was a magic in the man's contacts not easy to account for although his extraordinary knowledge of literature and his gift for imparting enthusiasm to the elect were enough to make him distinguished. He was, it is true, almost the last of that fellowship of American men of letters who were makers of literature as well as its students: he belonged with Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Thoreau; although their junior he retained in an age of specialization that interest in all knowledge in his province which was congenital among the scholars of the golden age of New England. Yet to his students the classic school of New England was only a faded tradition whereas Beers, even though his eyes were dim and his voice sepulchral, was a present phenomenon, a man to whom literature and life were one and indivisible, who chanted from The Faerie Queene and knew the latest novels, who had read everything, taught everything in English *belles lettres*, and did not care if his coat was rusty or his life tethered to his work, provided he could keep his imagination warm at the fires which great minds had kindled before him. The open secret was his culture. He was that man of perfect culture which all scholars and all teachers of literature should be, and so seldom are. His students felt the genial warmth when after a mumbled lecture (he read his lectures intolerably from peered-at notes) the rich mind would warm to comment and the stooped shoulders and puckered brows be forgotten in the charm of his smile; they came to idle and went away to praise.

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Henry Beers earned his niche in the history of American scholarship. His two books on the romantic movement in English cleared the way through that tangle, and plotted the beginnings of the trails, his compact histories of literature were models from which many a subsequent brief study was built. Yet it is not with the scholars that he will sit in the Elysian fields if there is good talk among the poets, the critics, and the tellers of tales. Life was always more to him than history, and art than science. He spent, very literally, his middle age amidst that passion for research which for good and for ill came raging into the American universities from Germany. He had done few things in pure literature then, but those rare, some poetry, some fiction, one book, "The Ways of Yale," which belongs in the first rank of memorabilia of college life. But the turn of the century was set against literary reputations in English departments. Scholarship was asked of him and scholarship he gave, and did not court the muse again until old age had come upon him, then in essays and in poetry showed us how much we had lost. A man of letters had been disciplined by circumstance into a professor of English, but routine and the assiduity of scholarship could only bind his talents.

When his literary work in art and criticism is sifted, and the substance freed from accident, it will be seen that he belongs with those creative writers who have written little but that little excellent. Yet hundreds of books can claim him as foster father or nurse. He was no clapper on the back of literary aspirants. His diet was Donne and Milton and Thackeray and Emerson and Shaw and the Roman poets, and if modern ambition would not stand companionship with bold fellows of an earlier time let it not be brought to him. A gentleman and a scholar, so he thought, might write badly through inaptness but could only desire to write freely and well. The bickerings of literary jealousy meant nothing to him; popular reputations or the aura of vast journalistic rewards dazzled him no more than bombs in a fireworks show. The youngster who came to him to learn how to live by litera-

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Shadow in the Roof

By EDWARD DAVISON

IN the roof, while the firelight played there,
My shadow was thrown;
Gaunt and aloof it swayed there,
A weary figure it made there,
Glooming alone.

As I in that moment, benighted,
Looked up from the hearth,
Being one no longer excited
By any fire I had lighted
To brighten the earth. . . .

O would that the shadow that haunted
Those rafters had shown
Some sign of a heart less daunted
By the making of fires unwanted
Than my own.

This Week

"Historians' History of the World." Reviewed by *William Macdonald.*
"Conquest of New England." Reviewed by *Henry P. Fairchild.*
"Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney." Reviewed by *Bliss Carman.*
"The Romantic Comedians." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*
"Through Many Windows." Reviewed by *Charles Denhard.*
"Tampico." Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*
"The Unearthly." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"Fairy Gold." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton.*
Lines Written in a Bad Temper. By *Stella Benson.*

Next Week, or Later

"The World of William Clissold." Reviewed by *Mary M. Colum.*

The State of Poetry

By ROBERT GRAVES

WHAT is the state of English poetry today? I would suggest that among the low-brow public—readers of say *Tit-Bits*, E. M. Hull, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Gene Stratton Porter—poetry is in a poor way. John Oxenham has had a success but minute in proportion with his potential public. The causes are not obscure; this is the public created by elementary education; elementary education has been a by-product of industrialism and is aimed not at a humaner culture but at raising the industrial and civic efficiency of the masses. Poetry as it has been taught in the elementary schools in years gone by has, therefore, not encouraged many children on leaving school to continue their acquaintance with it; but novels and stories have formed no part of the curriculum and can therefore be read without prejudice. The mezzo-brow public has had usually two or three years of schooling more than the low-brow public, and reads more reputably; it corresponds closely with the middle class and is educated for the higher commercial groups of industrialism.

Open any one of the better monthly magazines of fiction: each story, though it falls short of literature with a capital L, is thoroughly workmanlike. It has a definite point to which it moves easily and economically; the characters, unless the story is definitely a farce, are convincing, the local color is carefully applied. In two cases out of three a considerable demand is made on the reader's observation and memory for slight clues to the *dénouement*, occurring in the first page of the story, and even when the *dénouement* comes, it comes quietly, perhaps in a single word, a mere gesture, by which the reader who has not cultivated the "short-story sense" will be completely baffled. But whereas the art of the short story has advanced enormously in the course of the last thirty years, and the intelligence of the short-story reader with it, the general run of verse that we find occasionally sandwiched between short stories in these magazines is as banal, nerveless, and amateur as could well be imagined.

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Now the difference is, there is a genuine and sincere demand for the short story on its own account. The question "is it literature?" does not arise. There is no such demand for verse. Its appearance at all in a shilling magazine is only a survival from the days before modern education and the short-story boom, when poetry was really read and enjoyed by the upper-middle-classes, the days when crowds queued up for a new canto of "Don Juan" and a publisher could offer Thomas Moore 3,000 guineas advance royalties for "Lalla Rookh." The publishing of poetry in volume form is similarly a mere window-dressing, a graceful tribute to the past, a sop to literature: but not a business proposition. The mezzo-brow attitude toward the poet has since the boom days become a most unhealthy one: it is like that of modern youth toward its parents, a sentiment that has gradually changed after a series of disappointments and misunderstandings from affectionate respect to scorn and indifference.

There is nothing wrong with poetry in itself; as there is nothing wrong with parenthood itself; both are inevitable forms of life; but the claim of a certain generation of parents to regulate the lives of their growing sons and daughters according to a

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traditional method cannot be met when that method is unsuited to the changed conditions of life. These sons and daughters will, however, soon marry and become parents themselves, however strongly they disapprove of parenthood; and poetry like parenthood is an instinct that cannot be long repressed.

It is again largely because of an educational system which links poetry up with geometry and French as "subjects to be done"—and to be "done" in school is to be "done-for" in private life—that poetry is viewed with as great suspicion by the intellectual middle-classes as by their social inferiors. The pulpit has assisted in deepening this suspicion. The poet always, it is thought, has a sinister design on the reader. Either he is trying to put over a spiritual or historical message of some dry sort, or he is claiming genius and its anti-social privileges; in any case he is drawing the reader from the quiet paths of enjoyable reading to the stern mountain of literature; a region from which one customarily returns jaded, if improved, to impress other travelers with a satchel full of poetic specimens, chipped from the hard rocks and carefully ticketed. This mistrust of the poet ensures that, dead poets only being "done" in schools and universities, living poets cannot economically practice the art for a livelihood. Patronage is dead these two hundred years, and the high-brow public is not large enough to support its poets by casual purchase of their wares. The result is that the writing of poetry is now largely in the hands of gifted young amateurs who publish a single book and then leave poetry for the more serious and remunerative work of prose, of idlers with money who want a literary reputation and find a series of lyrics less fatiguing to produce than a novel; and of retired judges, ambassadors, and heads of colleges and such who crown their career with a volume of graceful verse. People in fact who encourage, rather than dispel the lack of confidence in poetry; so that it is next to impossible for a serious practising poet to get a hearing from the **middle-class public** which is numerically large from the low-brow public which could afford to enough to support dozens of poets, and still less make them all men of wealth.

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The public that is acquiring a short-story sense, and a film sense, and a fast-traffic sense, and a radio-sense is not a dull public; as it is not dull public, neither is it a lazy public. The enthusiasm for the cross-word puzzle and for home-made radio sets prove that. The theory that because industrial, commercial, or professional life weighs so heavy, poetry to make any appeal at all must be a narcotic, can no longer stand. On the contrary the daily round is so routine-ridden that, except where the standard of living is definitely below the poverty line, any stimulant to thought of an adventurous kind is most welcome, though indeed the adventure is bound by economic, ethical, religious, and educational limits. The poetry-sense has not been correspondingly cultivated with these other new senses largely because poetry properly understood makes demands at variance with the utilitarian system of education and life. As a marketable commodity it is in a vicious circle; the less it is wanted the duller it gets, and the duller it gets, the less it is wanted. A young workman cannot afford to apprentice himself to the poetry trade, which is suffering sadly from inefficiency and dilution. In the short-story trade wages are high. Though the goods are machine-cut he has the satisfaction of knowing that they meet a genuine demand. The models improve in speed and finish yearly.

But it would be the greatest mistake to push this metaphor farther, to regard poetry as a sort of perpetual coach-building and fiction as a sort of motor-car industry, to say that a coronation-coach lumbering and heavily gilded, or a smart barouche with armorial designs on the door drawn through the park by a pair of spanking greys, though all very well in their way, cannot be compared for speed, comfort or distinction with a 1925 Rolls Royce. True, language and conditions of life have changed so completely in the last fifty years that the greater part of traditional English poetry is utterly out of date except to scholars; what was once the pride of the roads we now think of as a lumbering coach. But this is my contention:—there is no reason why modern verse should not become to modern prose what the airplane is to the motor car. Properly handled, poetry has certain mechanical advantages over prose: prose can never rise off the ground; it must keep to the roads or the open country. The low-brow, mezzo-brow, and the backward part even of the high-brow public does not realize this, and will demand an explanation of mechanical theory, if not a demonstration of practice.

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Simply put, the intrinsic virtues of poetry are these: Its rhythms, rhymes, and texture have an actual toxic effect on the central nervous system. In the resulting condition, the imaginative powers are quickened and strengthened, voices are heard, images are called up, and various emotions felt of a far greater intensity than in waking life. This toxic effect is of greater or less strength according to the level of mental functioning required, which varies between the more or less sedate thought of day-dreaming and the monstrosities of trance or a deep sleep. The soup tablet firm that puts its advertisement into a rough rhyme

> Why does the Huntsman devour the fox so?
> Because there is nothing for dinner but Broxo,

and the student who masters his lists of facts by help of a rhymed *memoria technica*, "in 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue," are alike aware of this physiological effect verse has on mental receptivity. But besides the greater vividness of image and strengthening of music, the heightening of receptivity and sensitivity that verse properly handled brings, there is another great contribution, that is the awareness of a whole region of hidden association and implication behind phrases that in prose would be accepted at their face-value.

For instance, the adjective *pettifogging* would in prose be construed merely as the conventional insult for a lawyer. If the same adjective were to be used in poetry qualifying, say, a philosopher, there would be an increased vitality in the word; which thereupon for those aware of its etymology would recall its connection with Fugger, the great continental merchant-banker whose minions, the little fuggers, were so sly at their trade: the philosopher would thus be accused of having a commercial mind and the same attachment to verbal formula and ancient authority as a lawyer. At the same time the "fog" syllable would take on a life of its own; "pettiness" and "fogginess" though conceptions not originally bound up with "pettifogging" would color the lines in which they occurred and mate with the hidden associations of the other words there contained. One of the chief powers of poetry is in the poet's ability to control these hidden or forgotten associations of words while remaining in the toxic condition of which I have spoken, so that they interact in a sense distinct from the face value of the poem, a sense which cannot be understood except by those in the same condition of heightened sensibility. Poetry is able to use both the method of logic and the method of fantastic thought, which is *sensorial hieroglyphic:* and what cannot be expressed by either of these means can be conveyed in the musical side of poetry, the rhythm, rhyme, and texture, which have not, of course, fulfilled their function merely by inducing and maintaining the toxic condition.

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This briefly is the theory of poetry as I understand it; but whether and if so, how soon the poetry-sense will appear in a wide circle of readers is another question. I cannot foresee any immediate social or political change that will produce it. A great deal of poetry that has been popularly admired in times past has been admired for reasons unconcerned with the peculiar powers of poetry as I have just outlined them; it has been admired merely for the elegance of the stories it told or the morality of its sentiments or the divine character it professed; and it is doubtful whether in Europe at least there has ever been widely spread a poetry-sense which, once the added receptivity induced by verse has been taken into account, has been distinguishable from a prose-sense. Perhaps some discovery by which food and other necessities of life could everywhere be obtained locally, together with a solution of the population question, might give the necessary background to a national revitalizing of poetry; for England must first be freed from the economic obsession which colors all human relations and qualities today. The difficulties of keeping supplies of food, clothing, and so on in circulation by the authority are now largely smoothed over by standardization of goods and by standardization of the consumers' minds by education and the press. If supplies became more plentiful and decentralization of industry and therefore of standardized mentality became possible, poetry of a greater variety, freedom, and intensity might result. For the standardization of mind has achieved the practical result that the immediate and formal characteristics of any matter under examination, usually recognized in terms of value or efficiency, are alone discerned; other latent characteristics spiritual or personal are generally suppressed as contributing nothing to the mechanic purpose of life.

A Time-Killing Generation

THE THREAT OF LEISURE. By GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by PHILIP COAN

DR. CUTTEN some three years ago, on his induction as President of Colgate, said some strikingly skeptical things about popular sovereignty and the universal franchise. He seems then to have been performing merely the preliminary slicing through the insensitive epidermis of our ideals. This time, the knife goes right down to the quivering quick; he vivisects our beloved leisure, that treasured share of freedom from needful toil, now possessed by the worker after generations of industrial development and social struggle.

The pleasure of telling painful truths has its temptations but it has not been Dr. Cutten's guiding inspiration. He believes in the potential value of leisure, and accepts the old economic doctrine that the degree of civilization of a human group is a mathematical function of that group's proportion of time free from necessary cares. If he details what he considers the damage done by ill-spent leisure, it is without any purpose of gloomy prediction of an inevitable fate in store for us. Holding that leisure at its worst may bring on social decline, but that put to advantage it should lead to common betterment, he draws the darker alternative rather the more vividly of the two; it is but a way to make the better choice more desirable. One fancies that this motive found its way into the rather grim first noun of the title of his book, "The Threat of Leisure."

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The book is a brief for education toward enlarging the average person's ability to make use not chiefly, as under some present educational systems, of his working hours, but rather of his spare time. A new education must be devised, he believes, to render the industrial worker fit to spend several hours a day at liberty. If any task outbulks that of making the world safe for democracy, it must surely be this enormous undertaking of making universal leisure secure from itself.

Dr. Cutten has handled the question so ably, he has opened so many more or less unsuspected windows, that one finds it inevitable to wish that he had handled his topic more completely. A longish essay of some 32,000 words dispensed with due allowance for grace of discourse, can hardly lead to adequate conclusions on so complex a problem. One would welcome an ampler presentation of many features. How much leisure, in aggregate hours, is there in this country today? Surely it would require a painstaking inquiry, and the sifting of much evidence, to determine. But if we knew the answer, we should have a definite idea of the magnitude of the question in its present phase. And among what groups, by age, sex, locality, or social condition, is this unknown quantity of space time variously divided? For all we know, it may chiefly be the idleness of the increasingly numerous and increasingly unemployed folk over fifty. Again, how has leisure affected the powers of survival and development in social classes that have possessed it hitherto? Here is a bearing on the problem surely well worth taking. Is high mental capacity essential to ample living in time free from the compulsion of toil? We need to know, for if leisure spells mere idleness and can spell naught else to the millions in the lower mental brackets, we may be dispensing it wrongly. What study of education for the working masses has already been made? Kallen and others have given much thought to whether cultural education for the worker will work. To consider these and all the other necessary lines and angles in the diagram of an intricate problem would require quite another kind of book, and probably ten times as long a text. Without accusing Dr. Cutten of a predilection for the Squeers methods in the imparting of knowledge, we may respectfully ask for "more."

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A Bird's-Eye View

THE HISTORIANS' HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Edited with the Assistance of a Distinguished Board of Advisers and Contributors by HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS. New York: Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc. 1926. 27 vols.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE particular interest of this fifth edition of what for more than twenty years has been a standard work of reference will probably centre, for most readers and users, in the two supplementary volumes, numbered respectively XXV and XXVI (Volume XXVII in an elaborate index) and labelled "These Eventful Years," in which, to quote the publishers' foreword, eighty "famous men and women of our own day" tell "the story of all that has happened in the great quarter century just ended." To this alluring introduction the editor of the supplement, Franklin H. Hooper, adds the caution that the two new volumes have "no connection of any kind with the Encyclopædia Britannica," whose editorial organization was responsible for "The Historians' History of the World," that they are intended for connected reading rather than for reference, and that "each chapter is written for this work, and for this alone, and has not appeared elsewhere." What is offered, in other words, is a coöperative history of the last twenty-five years which is encyclopædic in scope but not a compilation in form.

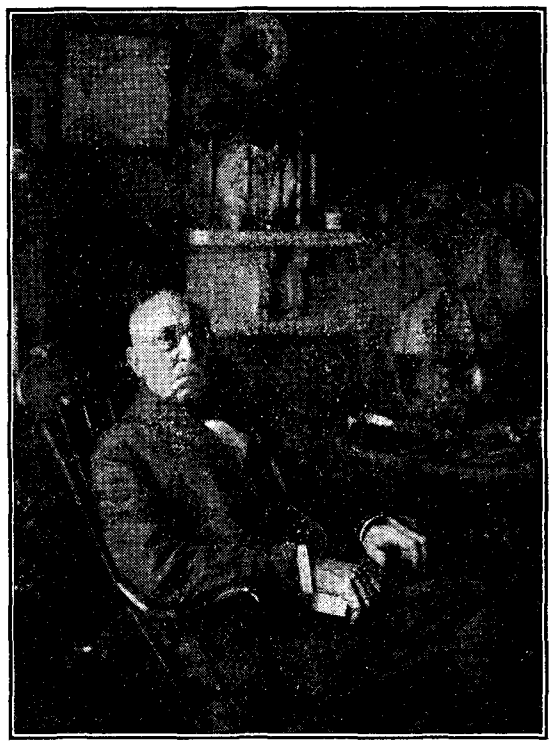
The plan of the two volumes, while in general similar to that already familiar in coöperative literary enterprises, offers some novelties. First come four chapters by J. L. Garvin, the well-known editor of the London *Observer*, and now the editorial head of the Encyclopædia Britannica organization, in which the course of events, mainly political, during the period is rapidly surveyed. Then follow thirteen chapters on the World War, with eight more chapters devoted to the League of Nations, the war debts, and various economic situations for which the war was chiefly responsible. Next comes the procession of the nations, marshaled in thirty-six chapters, including one in which H. G. Wells unfolds his vision of the future and some of the wonders that shall be. With politics, economics, and social prophecy out of the way, the grand tour is brought to an end with a succession of chapters on literature, science, art and religion, music and radium, archæology and medicine, psychoanalysis and big business, the political awakening of women, and the achievements of sport.

It has become a commonplace to say that coöperative writing of this kind is bound to show overlapping, and there is plenty of overlapping in the political chapters of "These Eventful Years." Since the editor, moreover, in certain controverted matters, generously allows each side to have its spokesman, there is also something of contradiction and inconclusiveness. With the land operations of the World War surveyed by General Maurice, General Ludendorff, and General Mangin, the operations on the sea recounted by a British naval functionary and Admiral von Tirpitz, and the battle of Jutland described by Admiral Jellicoe and Admiral Scheer, the reader is left to decide for himself what the history of those particular episodes of the quarter century really is. Perhaps it is the editor's way of reminding him that something of local prejudice and personal bias attaches to most events since the days of the Cæsars.

The only man whom I have ever known who gave the impression of knowing enough to appraise an encyclopædia was Louis Heilprin, these many years of treasured memory, and even he, I suspect, must have felt the need of protecting his intellectual frontiers by carefully-drawn lines of demarcation. Certainly no one but a universal genius would attempt seriously to evaluate the multifarious contributions to a multifarious world experience which these two volumes contain. Two criticisms, however, may safely be noted. Some of the contributions are obviously journalistic, and a good many more are essentially special pleading. To the former class belong, perhaps inevitably, the four introductory chapters by Mr. Garvin, notwithstanding that the quality of journalistic writing in this case is high, as it is sure to be when Mr. Garvin holds the pen. What Bernard M. Baruch has to say about the inter-allied debts is little more than journalistic padding, a modicum of form with no important substance. To the second class belong Léon Bourgeois's account of the League of Nations, Professor Laughlin's chapter on "The Madness of Paper Money Inflation," Maximilian Harden's sketch of "Germany's Place in the Sun," with Professor Carver's brief for prohibition capping the climax. The contrast is sharp indeed between the obvious prepossessions of such writers and the scholarly dignity and restraint displayed by Professor Carlton Hayes and Professor Charles Seymour in dealing with the causes of the World War and "secret treaties and open covenants." If the story of psychoanalysis is to have a place in a work of this character, it is fitting that Dr. Sigmund Freud should be allowed to present his side of it, and psychical research and the invisible world are certainly the special preserve of Sir Oliver Lodge, but since it appears to a layman that there are more scientists who dissent from the conclusions of these two men than there are those who accept them, the presentation of the case by these writers alone is distinctly onesided.

Whoever attempts a great deal must expect to be asked for much, and Mr. Hooker's two volumes show some rather surprising gaps. Dr. Canby, to whom has been assigned the subject of twentieth century literature, has apparently felt himself debarred, presumably by limitations of space, from paying much attention to "journalism, research, historical study, biography, criticism," "except in so far as they illustrate prevailing tendencies of the modern mind, or are creative in the literary sense," with the result that some of the most important and voluminous writing of the period either receives mere allusion or is not mentioned at all. The lack would not be worth noting if there were compensation elsewhere, but there is not. One searches in vain for adequate discussions of such questions as labor, agriculture, transportation, the development of universities and professional or technical schools, armaments, jurisprudence (except international law), the migration of peoples, the effect of the World War upon intellectual life and public opinion, and many other similar matters which have engrossed the thought of the present generation.

Perhaps the job was worth doing in spite of its sketchiness, its bias, and its propaganda. Anyone who will read through the approximately 800,000 words which the two volumes contain will be almost certain to have added to his knowledge, and will get a useful and comprehensive view of a good many problems that still await solution. Taken as a whole, however, "These Eventful Years" is only a symposium, some parts very good, some extremely bad. To class such a compilation as history would be to use the term in a highly unaccustomed sense.



HENRY A. BEERS

(*See page* 129)

A new play by Karel Capek is to be produced in Prague this autumn. The nature of the drama is being kept secret, but it is understood that it will be called "The Makers," and that it will be a fantasy in the manner of "R.U.R." and "The Insect Play."

Submerging the Yankee

THE CONQUEST OF NEW ENGLAND BY THE IMMIGRANT. By DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
New York University

ANTHROPOLOGISTS tell us that there are one or two primitive—or possibly advanced—tribes where no children are born. The population of the group is recruited by purchasing children from neighboring less well-regulated tribes. There are some Americans who, impressed by the indubitable fact that no one has ever yet demonstrated that any one race or people is superior to another, draw therefrom the conclusion that racial and national differences in general are inconsequential. An indiscriminate mixing of ethnic groups seems to them of no significance. If it appears that the American population, originally composed of well defined and selected elements, is now being built up out of heterogeneous contributions from two or three-score diverse sources, they regard the situation as not only innocuous but also unimportant.

Such as these, if they trouble to read Mr. Brewer's book at all, will doubtless toss it down with a yawn, and observe, "What of it?"

Mr. Brewer very wisely makes no attempt to prove that the immigration of the past half-century has hurt or is hurting the United States in general or New England in particular. He simply takes it for granted. His book is based upon certain definite and inclusive assumptions, which he does not open to question himself nor expect his reader to. He assumes that if the reader can be made to see the facts as he sees them, he will inevitably arrive at the same conclusion that he has reached. By taking this stand he avoids the bottomless morass of arguments about racial inferiorities and superiorities and the effects of race mixture in which so many writers on these subjects have allowed themselves to become mired.

Some of the postulates which the author treats as axiomatic are the following: The Yankee stock out of which the population of New England was composed up to the time of the Revolution, was drawn from high grade European sources and was still further improved by the selective processes of crossing an ocean, subduing a wilderness, and building up a new society. By the time of national independence it had developed certain characteristics that were both distinctive and valuable. It was these characteristics that made New England what it was, and profoundly affected the entire American society. That the disappearance of this population and the dissipation of these characteristics would be a grievous loss to mankind seems to Mr. Brewer a conclusion requiring no supporting argument. What he attempts to do is to show how, and to what extent, this dire result has already been achieved as a consequence of the immigration of the past fifty, and particularly the past twenty-five years.

In discussing this problem the author adopts frankly the attitude of a religious, specifically a Protestant Yankee. He believes in religion and in God. He writes as a Yankee to and for Yankees. He admits candidly that he believes in the marvelous, even in the miraculous. For the reader who does not accept these basic assumptions, there is no possibility of getting together with the author.

There is nothing particularly new about the general truths that Mr. Brewer portrays. They have been presented many times before. What is novel is his localization of them in New England and his presentation of a large amount of detailed statistics and other data, which have the effect of giving the facts a vivid and personal color, and emphasizing them as concrete realities.

The central truth, it is hardly necessary to observe, is that the New England Yankee has allowed himself to be supplanted and well nigh exterminated by alien hosts which have come with his full permission and largely at his express invitation.

This is, in truth, a stupendous and amazing phenomenon, the deep significance of which has escaped the American people simply because of its familiarity. That the descendants of pioneers, who had made superhuman sacrifices and endured untold hardships in order to subdue and appropriate a particularly favored section of the earth's surface, should within a half-dozen generations sit calmly

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by while their inheritance was taken from them by foreigners, and even actively stimulate the process, would be unbelievable if it were told in other words. If a foreign host of ten or fifteen millions should appear off the shores of New England with battleships and all the other panoply of war and display their intention to establish themselves upon the land by force, the natives as a man would rally to the defense of their patrimony. Yet no military conquest could be so insidious and far reaching in its effects as the steady immigration stream of the past half century.

We have been deceived by the illusion of permission. If anyone believes that New England, in any real sense, is still held by representatives of the original Yankee stock, he will find this book at least disconcerting.

Mr. Brewer shows very interestingly how this fateful result largely has been the outcome of an anachronistic survival and distortion of the very Yankee virtues that made New England preeminent in an earlier period. The New Englanders have had initiative, resourcefulness, and energy, but they have not had vision. As far as the physical stock of the region is concerned it is, in Mr. Brewer's opinion, too late to do anything. That conquest must go on to completion. There is still a chance, however, to preserve something at least of the Yankee culture if those who represent it are quick to recognize and respond to their responsibility.

An American Lyrist

LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Edited by GRACE GUINEY. With a preface by Agnes Repplier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by BLISS CARMAN

MISS GUINEY'S letters are not unlike those of her beloved R. L. S., in their freshness and unfailing vivacity. Style was her birthright and permeated her most casual note as it did all her poetry. For this reason these handsome volumes will make easy and pleasant reading for all students of modern American literature, while of course they are of peculiar interest to her contemporaries and acquaintances of the eighteen nineties. Those who knew her will recall her animation her merriment, and see her again in every page of these familiar epistles.

As time and achievement go, Miss Guiney belonged to that much-discussed last decade of the nineteenth century, but in temper and outlook she was not of it at all. She was its best lyrist, as I think, but she could not be said to reflect its interests and points of view at all. Of its irresponsible fantastic freedom, its perversity and love of paradox, she had no trace. Her unconscious love of life and her keen sense of humor would have made her at home in any age; still she found her keenest interest in quite another time and place than her own age and land. She was an out and out American in loyalty, but she was much more at home in England than in New England, and much more nearly akin to the seventeenth century than to the twentieth. In culture, in temperament, in sympathy she seems to have found her most congenial atmosphere in the England of the Stuarts. Their pasts were her hobby, their religion was hers.

The quiet order of English life appealed to her scholastic habits. She loved Oxford and the English Cathedrals. Modern thought, modern science, had no appeal for her. She had a clear and exact mind, loving the details of literary research, but her heart was given to literary treasures of the past, rather than to the vital, if somewhat turgid thought and efforts of the present.

In her own line, Louise Guiney has always seemed to me perhaps the most delightful of American lyric poets. She has a fresh and original voice of her own which would lead one to group her with Emerson and Emily Dickinson among the elder poets. Any profound passion for intellectual adventure, however, such as inspired Emerson, was quite alien to her. She trod the old paths with serene delight and never dreamed of a new trail to the undiscovered wilderness of truth.

> To-morrow for the States; for me England and yesterday,

truly expressed her temperament, and when she reached Oxford and began research work in the Bodleian Library, she came with her own.

In these letters Miss Guiney makes derogatory remarks about her best known volume, "A Roadside Harp," and much prefers "Happy Ending," a final collection of her poetry. Many of her friends, I think, will not agree with her judgment, and "A Roadside Harp" will remain for them one of the choicest books of modern poetry. Until Miss Millay came upon the scene with that incomparable "Harp Weaver" and her "Blue Flag in the Bog," I never found anything to compare with L. I. G.,—though this, of course, is purely a matter of arbitrary taste, which no doubt one should apologize for airing in this way.

Perhaps one may be excused for so emphatic a statement, if it should lead readers of these letters to go to Miss Guiney's poems. She never came into her own as an American poet. During all the last half of her life, she not only expatriated herself from the States, but she wrote nothing which could have kept her name alive in her native land. "Her days among the dead were passed," and she herself quite slipped out of the view of a younger generation. That is too bad, for Louise Imogen Guiney cannot be skipped, when it comes to enumerating our greatest poets. Her output was small, but certainly very choice.

All through these delightful letters are clearest traces of the writer's charming and valiant spirit. R. L. S. himself had not a more courageous and gay demeanor in suffering the slings of outrageous fortune.

This is a sentence she flings into a letter between parentheses, "By the way, I must tell you my income from 'litterachoor' in printed books for 1907 is exactly one shilling. Fact. Hooray!"

And again referring to her own efforts and general aim, "I haven't purpose enough to steer a bee across a dust-bin, such as might lie between him and the rose-beds in the garden. 'To travel is better than to arrive': that's my device."

A Lawyer in the Church

LANFRANC. A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, WORK AND WRITING. By A. J. MACDONALD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

THIS is the first life of Lanfranc in English. So it is quite fitting, even imperative, that it should be written in a thoroughly scholarly manner. The book is stiff reading, for it presupposes an intimate acquaintance with English history—and, more particularly, with Church history—of the time of the Conquest. The style is simple, dry in places, possessed of a certain quaint individuality, and without the least affectation.

Picturesque incidents of a legendary or half-legendary character are introduced into staid and learned discussions of this or that circumstance in Lanfranc's life in a refreshing and spontaneous way.

An illustration of this is the account of the incidents which led up to the meeting of William of Normandy and Lanfranc. Lanfranc was one of the Churchmen who expressed disapproval of the marriage of William with his cousin Matilda. The Duke heard of this and dispatched his chaplain Herfast with a magnificent retinue to Bec, where Lanfranc was at that time prior. "William's choice of an intermediary," says Mr. Macdonald, "was unfortunate.

> Herfast did not possess the first qualification of a courtier—correctness of accent and charm of address. The Prior saw at once that the royal chaplain "knew nearly nothing," and he determined to turn the whole situation into a joke. He placed an alphabet in the Chaplain's hand and asked him to read it aloud, avoiding his wrath by the grace of his own Italian facetiousness. But Herfast returned to William in high dudgeon, stirred up his resentment against the Prior, and persuaded him to order Lanfranc to leave Normandy.

As Lanfranc was departing from the abbey, in compliance with the Duke's orders, he met William on the road. The Prior's horse was lame, and he was attended by only one servant. At first the Duke took no notice of him but finally he changed his mind and beckoned Lanfranc to his side. The stern monk had a quick wit. "At thy order I turn my steps from your duchy," he said to William, "hindered by this useless quadruped. Give me a better horse so that I may fulfil your order." The Duke laughed, and the result was that Lanfranc's native wit brought about his reinstatement at Bec and a life-long friendship with the future King of England.

It is a very interesting though not lovable character that Mr. Macdonald draws for us. The interest lies in the peculiar sort of Churchman we find in the great archbishop. For Lanfranc was by profession a lawyer—and an exceedingly brilliant one—until nearly middle life. His whole career in the Church was colored by the legal method in thought and policy. Born in Pavia, about the year 1000, he studied both Roman and Lombard law and became a teacher and the greatest legal authority in his country.

Lombardy, however, torn by the strife between Emperor and Church, was a precarious place to live in, and Lanfranc, as he was nearing the pinnacle of an enviable career, left his native land to seek a new life in France. Possibly there may be some undiscovered motive in this brusque change of direction on Lanfranc's part. The old writers make mention of a yearning towards a piety that was never the most pronounced characteristic of the Lombard jurist. Perhaps it is fair to assume that they were telling the truth and not merely whitewashing the character of the man who died Archbishop of Canterbury. After some wandering, while teaching or studying in various cathedral schools, he finally became a monk, at about the age of forty, in the monastery of Bec.

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Mr. Macdonald thinks that his decision was brought about by the political status of Normandy: "There was no scope for a master of legal forms before the master of arms had drilled the wild baronage into order. The interests of the Normans were divided between the military and the religious life."

Certainly, Lanfranc did not retire into the cloister in the usual sense of the term. He entered the Church with the practical purpose of carving out a fresh career. Beginning as a teacher at Bec, being made subsequently abbot at Caen, he thought at first to pass the latter half of his life building up schools and studying. This was not to be. In 1070 he was chosen by William the Conqueror to occupy the see of Canterbury.

> Lanfranc's career proved that the later years of middle life may provide opportunity for an entirely new orientation both of habit and enterprise in a man of sufficient resolution and adaptability. He was not less than sixty-five when he arrived in England, but he achieved a success and reputation which are denied to most men in the prime of life.

It was a hard task that confronted Lanfranc, yet one better suited to his genius than any he had hitherto undertaken. He had shown himself an able teacher, by far the most brilliant jurist of his time, and he had a wide reputation as a scholar. But it is as an organizer and executive that he did his best work. He accomplished for the English Church what William did for the Kingdom. Every reform he instituted was for the purpose of centralizing the Church government in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His legal ability plus his common sense brought him success in this. We do not find in him the religious zealot but a practical man of affairs endowed with a remarkably keen intellect.

And yet, Mr. Macdonald has drawn for us a solemn and somewhat tragic figure. The archbishop whose renown crossed the frontiers of the nations stands alone. He outlived his friend and patron, the Conqueror, and proved to be too independent to work in perfect harmony with most others. Besides, he was neither Norman nor Saxon, but an Italian alone in England. This circumstance may have accentuated the natural coolness of his disposition. We have in Mr. Macdonald's biography the portrait of an impressive but unappealing man.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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The Moth and the Flame

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THERE is still such a thing, thank heaven, as civilized novels which are neither stale or dull. Amidst acrobatic experiments in syncopated narrative and sophisticated refinements of saying too much well, they do not get their due from the knowing ones of the bookish world who are too busy with adolescence or decadence to waste time in maturity. Yet they are still being written, and are likely to remain as the most satisfying replica of our culture. For no matter how jazzed the age or how incoherent the philosophy of a new time, the men and women who do more than drift giggling, weeping, or moaning upon the rapid current will be subjects for a narrative more solid than impressionism and more significant than a reporter's tale.

Yet to qualify for the civilized novel requires a good deal more than taste and control of the medium; in fact the merely cultivated novel is, and always has been, one of seven deadly bores of literature. The novelist must have everything of insight, fire, awareness, originality that the boldest experimenter or the wildest rhapsodist possesses, and be able to turn them all to the uses of interpretative art. This is not too weighty a preface to introduce so distinguished a novel as Miss Glasgow's "Romantic Comedians."

I know that "distinguished" threatens to become one of those "reviewer's words" which carry a hint of exaggerated praise or perfunctory exaggeration, but I am using the word in its specific sense of successful differentiation. Miss Glasgow, whose last book had power without great distinction, has here taken that ancient situation, the old man's darling, and with ease and mounting strength of story lifted it out of Virginia, out of pathos, out of satire into a breathing portrait that is as modern as it is human.

The old have had a bad time of it in recent literature. No one takes them seriously; especially when they are passionate. "Wicked old men" and crusted or absurd old women have held the stage. It has been youth's fling in literature. What is choice in Miss Glasgow's novel is her equal grasp of the ironic pathos that waits upon both youth and age. "The Romantic Comedians" is indeed an old man's story, the story of Judge Honeywell, perfect product of Virginia Victorianism, but it is his story only because of his passion for his twenty-three year old wife, and her passion given elsewhere, her repugnance, her sacred egoism, her irony could have no better advocate and mouthpiece if the novel were dedicated to the frustration of youth. The judge has endured for thirty-six years "the double-edged bliss of a perfect marriage," he has put far behind him an earlier passion of his youth for Amanda, the perfect product of Virginia Victorianism in its feminine aspect, who waits for him now, still regretting, still hoping. But he seeks youth as Ponce de Leon the spring, humbly, rewarded for a thousand sacrifices by a single lovely emanation, and is frustrated and abases himself and still the intoxicant he cannot drink dazzles his judgment, sweeps everything but his principles aside.

* * *

The story has been written a hundred times, but not often I think with the ironic insight and uncanny sympathy for both girl and judge of Miss Glasgow. Her Annabel is really lovely, her Judge really fine, her situation involves twists and throwbacks which belong specifically to this age of moral transition. The Judge's twin sister, shapeless, jolly, concealing the respectability of her shady career on the continent because her reputation makes her heroic to the youngest generation—she too is not a new character but strong in her significance, for she is the spirit of sinister wisdom whispering at the Judge's ear, "all your life long you have lived by convention, you have denied yourself beauty." This is in short a story of the moth and the flame, but a moth willing, hoping it is not too late to be burnt, a flame of egoism so unconscious of duty as to be almost innocent.

"The Romantic Comedians" is not a philosophical novel: outwardly it is as much a study of contemporary society in its narrower sense as one of Mrs. Wharton's. In execution, control, lucidity it is much like, almost too much like, Mrs. Wharton, although Miss Glasgow has not that final touch upon manners which distinguishes the other woman novelist. But inward there is an extraordinary depth and poignancy which is better than philosophy because it is *ad hominem*. The theme of youth and age begins it, but the novel goes much further. It deals with the cruel impact of generation against generation when passion which is so much more ruthless than love is the tensioned wire between them, with the deep tragedy of moral self-questioning when a man who has lived by principle asks why he has lost his chance of vivid life, with the deeper, biologic tragedy of physical desire renewing and remounting in the male and turning like a compass toward its south of new fresh life able to satisfy and continue. And there is more than a hint that an almost Brahmanistic relinquishment of self, which, in two strange flashes of absorption in Godhead, is revealed to the Judge himself but withdrawn, would in a cruder story be the moral of the mess into which life can so readily draw us.

But there is no moral in "The Romantic Comedians" except the irony which sharpens as the need and the use of pathos diminishes. The lovely Annabel has run off to life for fear she will lose it and one sees her future, but how argue with egoism! The Judge has aged ten years—but whose fault was it but his own? He expected duty, gratitude in return for favors that passion dictated. He has learned what has always been known—which is in a sense the enduring formula for novel and drama. And what good is learning! The nurse who waits upon his sick bed is "sympathetic and young, obeying her feminine instinct in every exquisite gesture. . . 'This is the woman I ought to have married. . . . Spring is here,' (he thought dreamily), 'Spring is here, and I am feeling almost as young as I felt last year.'" There is nothing new in this either, but when a mind as subtle and as civilized as Miss Glasgow's looks at our generation there are new things to be said, new thrills, new beauties, a new kind of tragedy. Only the irony is old.

Casements on Success

THROUGH MANY WINDOWS. By Helen Woodward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Charles Denhard

WHEN a woman not only admits, but emphasizes her lack of pulchritude, she usually expects to be contradicted. But when she insists that neither had she any sense of style or individuality in dress, the reader wonders what manner of woman is this.

Helen Woodward has written one of the rarest of books—a scrupulously honest autobiography. Perhaps she has been needlessly ruthless in her self analysis. Certainly, in view of her accomplishments, whatever "handicaps" she suffered were of little, if any consequence,—even the facts that she was "a woman, a radical and a Jew," engaged in a business that "seethed with fury and risk," in the days when there was something undignified about a woman competing with men on any basis. They may have militated against her in her early job hunting days when she was an ambitious, but dreadfully incompetent stenographer, but after she discovered her extraordinary genius for selling things, it mattered little to those who employed her what she thought, what she was, or what she wore.

Starting from scratch, self dependent, untrained, without influence, Helen Woodward became the most successful woman in the advertising business and the first of her sex to win a commanding place in a field completely dominated by men. She applied her peculiar talent for writing advertising to a diversity of commodities, ranging from baby foods to pickles. She sold a new line of beauty preparations to credulous women at fabulous prices by calling it youth and surrounding it with atmosphere. She made fashionable—and expensive—a garden variety of dress fabric. But her biggest work was done in the most difficult of modern commercial enterprises—the mail order book business. Of the vast army of "coupon signers"—those who purchase books by clipping and signing coupons in advertisements—a large proportion was lured into the category by Mrs. Woodward's persuasive pen. Millions of sets of Ridpath's History of the World, The Brady Civil War Pictures, O. Henry, Stevenson, and Mark Twain were sold through her copy. Publishers still regard her as a wizard whose magic defies analysis and imitation. As a result she made a great deal of money and learned a great deal about people.

The autobiography of such a woman should bristle with axioms, advice, wall mottoes, and self glorification. A woman who can break through prejudice and antagonism, who can defy the conventional and traditional, should leave a decalogue of success for the edification of generations of aspiring men and women. But "Through Many Windows" is not that kind of an autobiography. Mrs. Woodward obviously agrees with her husband that there are no rules for succeeding. She never did the accepted thing. She was never punctual. She sought no ready made niche and fashioned none for others to usurp. "The moment everything in a job looked secure, I left the job. The moment in any business contact I saw peace and safety, I broke that contact. All the time the love of fighting, of change, of chance pushed me away from safety and security."

Many people and many phases of modern life illuminate Mrs. Woodward's book. Often she subordinates herself completely to the little dramas which she introduces. She is utterly candid. No apologies for employing methods which separated the gullible from their money, no gushing excuses for selling to the credulous things they did not really want and scarcely could afford, soften her narrative. Her book is not an exposé, though the reader may gasp at many of her anecdotes of the days when subscription sets were sold on the basis of weight and bindings, rather than contents. Whatever her opinions of the fatuous millions whom she exploited, she permits her reader to form his own estimate of the average American intellect. Here is a straightforward recital of what happened to her, what she did, and what she learned of life during twenty-five colorful years. The reader forgives her occasional lapses into dogma, he overlooks a certain jerkiness of style, he refuses to quarrel with assertions that almost beg for rebuttal. They are characteristic and integral components of a vivid personality.

"Through Many Windows" follows no pattern, conforms to no style. There is some raw meat—some pills minus the sugar coat—some kicks which leave their impress. But also, there is a buoyancy and animation that make delightful reading. Don't give this book to the ladder climbers. It is almost certain to make a frightful hash of many beautifully planned careers.

A Saga of Middle-Age

TAMPICO. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

IN spite of its tropical title and setting, "Tampico" is at heart a saga of the sere and yellow leaf. For all its accoutrement of feud and fever, of sudden deaths and ery loves, it is a novel of retrospect. The long, long thoughts of youth telescope into insignificance before these longer, longer thoughts of forty. It is the story of Napoleon turned Hamlet in the fortieth year of his life.

The novel opens with the return of Govett Bradier to Mexico, and this opening is one of the best bits in the book, for it is heavy with prescience and promise. Even before Bradier himself realizes it, the reader senses that there is something wrong in this world of heat and oil. Bradier's is a return, after a year and a half's absence forced upon him by tropical malaria, to a locality which he has largely made, and where in the process he has made himself. He is a power in the oil world and a legend in Mexico at forty. He is a man who has always taken what he wanted when he wanted it, and if ugly methods were necessary—well, ugly methods were necessary. He had worked hard, fought hard, and lived hard, and had been loved and hated and respected with the same intensity. Then at forty after his illness all this had slipped beyond him some way, it had lost its savor, and he was through with Mexico for good. Why, then, had he come back? To secure another man's wife.

Vida Corew, the other man's wife in question, is a typical Hergesheimer heroine; her scarlet lips have left their tell-tale mark on lovers, cigarettes, and coffee-cups. What a gallery he has portrayed for us in the way of women! They are urgent creatures made for love, but complex, and sophisticated, with strange withdrawals into citadels protected by their lacquer-layered beauty and the narrow sword-blades of their wit. Understanding more than they can ever know, they press upon events and men, eager to sacrifice the future and

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destroy the past for the shining moment of the present. In Vida, Bradier has found and has been fascinated by these qualities, but his years in Mexico and his illness have thinned and cooled his blood, he hesitates, and he is lost. There are no Penelopes in the bright lexicon of Mr. Hergesheimer's *amoureuses*. In the end the author deserts and denies Vida Corew for the purposes of his plot; one can believe of her any coldness, any cruelty, but of the melodrama and banality of Bradier's final betrayal she would have been disdainfully incapable.

There are plots and counter-plots in "Tampico," Mexican generals and Mexican bandits, professional gunmen and professional dancing-girls, in short, blood and thunder. This is not the first time Mr. Hergesheimer has made liberal use of these two ingredients, but heretofore he has succeeded in blending them into his admixtures more smoothly. In "Tampico" many of the devil-may-care skirmishes are decidedly forced, and several, notably the much prepared for encounter with the desperate bandit, General Rayon, lapse into actual anti-climax. The book is unnecessarily long drawn out; before the end its events begin to seem repetitious, and Bradier's constant introspection on his inadequacies to Vida and little Teritsa, the dancing girl, run off into what might be a treatise on the effect of the Anopheles claviger on the love life of man.

From it all, however, the character of Govett Bradier emerges not to be easily forgotten. His story shows the reverse side of the popular "success novel;" the end of Bradier is outward defeat. Still, on the last page, with his power and glory gone, his unfulfilled mission and his lost love seem alike unimportant to him and he is "glad to be superficially as well as vitally alone, watching the multiplication of the stars." He sinks into oneness with stars, into oneness with existence. Perhaps he has gained wisdom, perhaps he has found peace.

A New Messiah

THE UNEARTHLY. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

THE appearance of a new novel dealing with the Messianic problem, coincident with the appearance on these shores of a widely advertised new Messiah out of the East, may serve to suggest the question whether we are perhaps entering upon an apocalyptic era similar to that of the first century B.C. It would not be at all surprising if such should prove to be the case. The presence of Messianism would be merely another among the already numerous similarities between our civilization and that of the early Roman Empire. Doubtless Messianic hopes have been vaguely present in every century of history, but it seems evident that they have become increasingly active during our own period. We have had two actual aspirants for the honor, the Bab martyred by fanatical Mohammedans and Krishnamurti martyred by zealous newspapermen, and we have had innumerable novels and plays, good, bad, and indifferent treating of the theme. "The Unearthly" by Robert Hichens belongs somewhere between the bad and the indifferent.

The semi-Christlike Peter Kharkoff of this novel differs from his prototypes in that he shows no interest in social problems. In "The Unearthly" the activities of the avatar are limited to the individuals whose love entanglements make up the story. At the center of the entanglements is the heroine, Imogen Lowry. She usurps most of the stage, crowding her companions and even Kharkoff into the background. She belongs to the class of post-war English girls always found in the British novels of the day: beautiful, fascinating, intelligent; pessimistic, daring, frustrated.

Imogen Lowry is engaged to a man with a "beautiful body" but no brain, "not a real brain." They hunt together and ride together and Imogen thinks that he will let her cultivate her own fine brain outside of matrimonial boundaries. Then there is a hunting accident, and Hugo Deniston, the fiancé, is condemned to lie on his back for the rest of his life. Imogen is revolted but turns to Kharkoff for help and after a talk with him decides upon the sacrifice—to marry Hugo in spite of all. But Kharkoff then comes to Hugo and he, too, decides upon a sacrifice. During this embarrassment of sacrificed riches a second lover appears and hectic days and nights ensue. Then the lover meets Kharkoff and falls under his influence. It takes a suicide and a disappearance to leave Imogen happy but this is finally accomplished.

From the above it will be seen that "the unearthly" powers of the mysterious Kharkoff are mainly directed toward solving a conventional love triangle. The Messianic theme is butchered to make a British holiday. Kharkoff is not known so much through what he does or says as through what the other characters say about him. Taking him at their value, he has a Christ-like faith and serenity, but sees the joyous inner meaning of life too clearly to indulge in pity. Building upon this idea of sympathy without pity the author might have created a character of some significance, but he has preferred merely to add one more to his long list of highly readable novels.

If Mr. Hichens is weak on Messiahs, however, he is strong on scenery. England, Switzerland, and the Riviera glitter from the pages. The author caught the trick of making his backgrounds real as far back as "The Garden of Allah." He has not lost it.

Mackenzie Tells Why

FAIRY GOLD. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. Boynton

IN a late essay by Henry James on "The New Novel," he excepted Compton Mackenzie from a generalization applied ruthlessly to most of Mackenzie's contemporary British novelists. Their method, he said, was not of artistic arrangement and creative interpretation so much as of saturation and compression. They filled their consciousness with the matter of human life and then "squeezed the orange" for our more or less benefit. This, for all their differences, was the common process of Wells and Bennett, Walpole and Cannan and D. H. Lawrence. Only in Compton Mackenzie, James found traces of something different, at least in tendency: "certain betrayals of a controlling idea and a pointed intention." And he went on to ask: "Do 'Carnival' and 'Sinister Street' proceed from the theory of the slice or from the conception of the extract, 'the extract flasked and fine,' the chemical process superseding the mechanical?" Mackenzie's distinction, he concluded, is that "he really charms us by giving us something to wonder about."

This has seemed a little doubtful, at times, as Mackenzie has gone on. His trilogy about the nice, clean, boyish Anglican parson was circumstantial to the limit of the realistic method. We read his books with him, and shared his tea, and listened to his sermons. And yet there was something about the net effect of that full-length portrait of Mark Lidderdale to vindicate James's opinion. There was charm about the man and his story. There is much of it in "Fairy Gold."

The evidences of saturation are clear. This is a book of place, and of a most romantic place—that last outpost of Britain, out beyond Land's End, the Scilly Isles. To the little island of Roon, but four miles from Penzance on the mainland, comes a young British officer in wartime. Wounded at the front, he is sent there to a "cushy job" as commander of a tiny garrison just being placed on Roon. Why a garrison should be placed there is clear only to the "brass hats" who order such matters. The incumbent Romare, hereditary owner of the isle, fiercely resents the presence of a garrison; and we are to feel that the island itself, in some mystic fashion, shares his resentment. So young Lieutenant Deverell finds himself in no pleasant case. But he is soon in love, so comfort doesn't matter. There are two daughters of the house, and a son at the war. The younger girl is a clever and engaging and highly disconcerting tomboy, who takes the young lieutenant under her wing, and ardently fosters his affair with the older daughter. The tomboy is Venetia, and the romantic elder is Vivien, and this one is strangely like the golden-haired Victoria damsel held by realism to be happily extinct.

Sir Morgan Romare the father is also a recognizable figure, being the well-bred improvident gentleman who has wasted his substance at the gaming table, and whose paternal acres may at any time be taken from him. Finally, there is the vulgar and newly rich commercial magnate, Sir Caleb, who has designs on the island, and wishes to develop it for the use of trippers and vacationists. About half the tale is agreeable and interesting. Then Mr. Mackenzie's unhappy tendency to wander into sheer prolixity and repetition asserts itself. The vulgar magnate in particular gets to be a terrible bore. There is no change or development in his character, no healing touch of humanity to deliver him from tedious caricature. Old gambler Romare turns virtuous and makes a sentimentally good end, leaving an unexpected legacy of some hidden diamonds, and this and a little chicane turn the tables on greedy vulgar Sir Caleb, and all is well for the young lieutenant and his beauteous bride.

Lines Written in a Temper

I HAVE never lived for any considerable length of time in God's Great Open Spaces, in Communion with the Voice of Nature the All-Mother. I say this, of course, assuming—what is obvious—that God's Open Spaces exist only in God's Own Country—including for the moment, with no political *arrière pensée*, the Dominion of Canada. I can therefore express no reasonable opinion about the uplifting quality of life between the Lone Horizons. But I cherish my unreasonable opinions—or prejudices—and one of them is that the hermit who selects the exclusive society of a million trees, an intermittent grizzly bear, a patch of willow-weed, and a pair of chickadees, is either posing, or else is actually selecting the society of his intellectual equals. Of course the hermit might retort that he is, on the contrary, selecting the Best Society possible—that, in fact, of the Landlord of the Great Outdoors Himself. In this case I can only bow to the hermit's good taste, but I must say I am sceptical about the intimacy he claims. A man should not claim friendship with his social superiors unless he is really on what I may call "back porch" terms with them. Now it always seems to me that this is rather the attitude of the chickadee to the hermit than that of the hermit to his Creator. The hermit puts on his spiritual silk hat and patent leather oxfords to go and call on the Lord of the Manor, finds Him not at home, and comes back to see a family of field mice making themselves at home on his back porch. Like to like. . . .

The foregoing is admittedly rank prejudice on my part, but it is a prejudice acquired by reading between the lines of Uplifting Nature Fiction.

Speaking as one who has sampled the great open spaces of China—(how blasphemous the great open spaces look without their capitals!)—much more than those of America, I may give it as my experience that, however profound the traditional solitude may be, the Divine Neighbor is only very rarely accessible, while there is almost always a grizzly bear of a Seventh Day Adventist or a mosquito or something sitting on one's own back porch, claiming an intimacy one is loth to recognize. Neighbors loom unconsciously large when rare. And looming large is an exercise in which only the superhuman can indulge with dignity. There used to be, when I was a child, a series of grown-up baiting riddles beginning, "Why is a mouse when it spins?" Answer, "Because the higher the fewer." Man in solitude—a spinning mouse indeed—reverses this answer; it becomes, "The fewer the higher." In a quasi solitude there is no figure more overwhelming than the figure One. It is a fact that a British Tobacco drummer, a Chinese Bible-distributor or a chicken-hungry wild-cat can alter the perspective of a solitary more than can all the inhabitants of the city of London that of an unsociable resident of Bloomsbury. The voice of Nature the All-Mother can be more satisfactorily heard in New York than in the presence of a China Hand or Only Neighbor in an Outport. Nature, anyway, has no more voice in China than has any other female. The harsh hiccoughings of water-buffaloes scratching every inch of her surface with rice-ploughs are practically Mother Nature's only form of expression in China. Of course she sometimes breaks out into an insubordinate smile of wild azaleas or, like a tomboy, trills out a lark's whistle to the sky, but the Chinese, with hatchets and bird-snares, suppress these unwomanly manifestations wherever possible.

Is it really a duty to be contented—to tolerate intolerable neighbors? Why must we make so many allowances—why must exiles conspire to whitewash the humiliating fact of their exile? We enforced hermits live among our outrageously haunted solitudes making generous allowances for fellow-creatures who have surely no right to be so tolerantly excused. Just as your transatlantic solitary, scan-

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ning the shades of expression upon the countenance of his neighbor the grizzly bear, boasts to the more fortunate city-dweller about the things that his hairy substitute for a friend can do—what an eye he has for a hive of wild bees or an empty sardine-tin—how he seems to come to conclusions that almost make sense—so we, whose back porch is perhaps at the mercy of a Chinese soya-bean farmer educated at an inland mission school, feel a gentle, silly pride in his specious friendship, his obvious home-made platitudes, his manifestations of an almost human intelligence. But why should we make allowances with one hand, so to speak, and write about the Inscrutable Philosophy of the Subtle Oriental with the other?

At a Chinese theatre the other day, my docile China-drugged mind encouraged the performance with unspoken back-patting condescension. "Really, that's almost touching, if only the bereaved widow would speak in a natural voice. . . . Listen, that little flute almost played something musical for a minute. . . . That climax would have been almost dramatic if the actor hadn't stopped in the middle to wipe his neck with a wet towel. . . . That funny man would be almost amusing, sarely, if the gong-players didn't drown all his remarks. . . . This play, if it had ended half an hour ago when all the principal characters died, would have been almost. . . .

And then suddenly my spiritual tongue was loosened. "No—*no*—NO—It's *not* subtle—not even *almost* subtle. . . . Judged by any adult standard, it's absolutely bad—childish—a third rate charade. . . . Why should the Chinese, who claim such superiority of tastes, evolve the only stage in the civilized world on which actors need not act, or playwrights produce original dramatic dramas—a stage which avoids both realism and illusion? There is nothing good in this play—(a play stamped by generations of Chinese connoisseurs as artistically acceptable)—except the clothes, which expressionless actors, like mannequins, display deliberately, back view, front view, and profile view. Why must we judge by lower standards than our own in a Chinese theatre? Why should the Chinese claim artistic equality—or even superiority—and at the same time support a theatre that would be a disgrace to Central African Bongo-bongoes? The truth is that, whatever may have been the case in the past, the Chinese are now no longer creative artists, philosophers, or thinkers at all; they are craftsmen, and second-rate at that. As regards "the Orient" we have got into an unreasoning and silly habit of reverence. The Chinese are one of the most prosaic peoples in the world and have least to teach us—just as the grizzly bear is the least witty substitute for a human friend ever discovered.

Alas, if circumstances oblige us to live alone among chickadees or Chinese bureaucrats, with the growing of spinach or the making of money for a mental occupation, and the Chinese theatre or the developing of Nature snapshots for our only recreation, may we not be frank about the thing and admit that we are bored? May we not confess that we never get an opportunity to say anything we mean in an understanding ear, or to hear anything that excites in us a more intelligent emotion than money-making ardor or journalist's curiosity? Is it too much to ask, at least, that we analyze our own actual experences in solitude before we write about Fellowship with the Divine in the Great Outdoors, or about the Mystic Orient, shot with the glances of Dark Almond Eyes that See Beyond Human Wisdom?

STELLA BENSON.

Henry A. Beers (1847-1926)

(*Continued from page* 129)

ture got good advice for he was too human to make even poetry sacrosanct, yet was given a love of the subject matter of his profession that was worth a thousand hints on marketing.

In his last days he was reading Clarendon's history of the Civil War in England and "The Mauve Decade" of his sometime student, Thomas Beer, approving both, criticizing both, savoring both. If he gave a peep into culture to a philistine generation, hurrying past him in the endeavor to get on, it was because this omnivorous scholar was culture in its only seminal form—not knowledge, nor rhetoric, nor the dogmatic repetition of platitudes, but an indefatigable love of good experience. For one learns best from those who love good things and are themselves lovable.

The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

Program Note for a Cosmic Melodrama

THE CREATOR requests the audience
Not to divulge the solution
Of the mystery of which the action is founded.
Future patrons
Will more greatly relish the denouement
If kept in suspense
Till the final curtain.

Thoughts in the Gulf Stream

Who has described the wave
Crisping oblique from *Caronia's* bow
In clear summer midnight?
Brighter than snow the crumble, the running curling crumble
Flung by her wedgy stem:
Then a hollow, a lovely bending hollow,
Which swells up to a spread, an outward comb of breaker
Drawing veins and stripings
After it through the black:
And the little phosphor-sparkle,
The seethe along her side,
All this has never been properly described
Because no passenger ever sees it.
With detached and watchful mind.
None of them
In clear summer midnight
Ever sees it alone.

Anxiety

It worries me
To hear people cough late at night
For then I know they are lying awake
And probably thinking
And it troubles me to think about people thinking
Alone, in bed, at night.

None of My Business

I saw a satisfied bee
Blissfully asleep in a hollyhock flower.
I tickled him with a straw
To see if he would wake,
And then I was ashamed
Realizing how gravely I had been infected
By your American passion for interfering
In other people's affairs.
No harm was done, however—
He only grumbled affectionately
And turned over on the other side.

Ejaculation of Mrs. Laurel

Once I had to live in the same house
With a man who was getting ready to write a handsome poem;
Since when
I am through with Literature.

Summer School

What is the difference,
Inquired a young student,
Between an Author and a Writer?
An Author
Is a writer who is dead.

Distribution of Credit

It is certainly true
(Admitted the Old Mandarin)
That a great proportion of meritorious poetry
Was inspired by beautiful women,
But it would never have been actually written
Without black coffee.

Spretaeque Injuria Formae

When I was young
I wearied myself tramping through famous museums
To admire the old Greek statues.
Now I am connoisseur with less fatigue—
I joined an American beach club.

Studies in Sociology

A plumber gets $14 a day;
And the highbrow magazines
Pay $14 for a sonnet
But I deduce no doctrine
From these statistics.
I will add however
That the plumber will not work without his Helper
Who gets $6 a day
For handing him his tools.

An Episcopal Heart

In the Bermuda yacht-race
Was an amateur skipper
Who could not credit the calculus of his navigator.
Pointing vaguely southeast, he insisted
That he knew by some inward sureness
Bermuda was Over There.
Late at night, while the navigator slept,
He surreptitiously altered the course.
He knew, he just knew,
Bermuda was Over There.
Well, he was wrong:
They overshot their mark by many leagues
And lost the race.
His crew will not forgive him
And he will never be a navigator
But I think of the stout fellow with affection—
What a Bishop he would have made.

Matin au Luxembourg

Oh Medici Fountain,
Sombre in your aisle of leaves, where confused shadow
Aggravates young artists;
Where Sorbonne students read intermittently
And trysting lovers
Sorrow about many things—
In your dusky basin the Parisian sparrows
More hygienic than most natives of the Quarter
Begin the day with a bath.

Dregs

Last precious aroma
Of our trip to France
The orange savor of the bottle of Cointreau.
We finished it promptly
Before the frost came
For you know what it says on the label:—
Le froid trouble le Cointreau Triple-Sec.

September

Now comes the glow and glamour of the year:
Autumn, autumn, season of soft wisdom
When I see destiny in a realtor's notice—
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325 ACRES
WILL DIVIDE
And even the beauty of a field of goldenrod
Is something to be sneezed at.

Seizure

Sometimes I pray, in seizures of supplication,
Give me, Oh Buddha,
The virtue of Carl Sandburg's fishmonger
Who had, if you remember the poem,
"The face of a man terribly glad to be selling fish."

Rainy Evening

I lay on my couch with a book on religions
And hearkened the pouring rain.
Tumult of the rain, sound of comfort and cleansing,
That makes me one with all process and chemistry of earth:
Even death will seem fair enough
If I can die while it's raining. . . .
Then I came to a chapter about Buddha
And I sprang up, full of ambition,
And wrote these verses—
Buddha always excites me.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Mr. Barnaby Williams, who has traveled all over the world giving recitals from the works of Dickens, writing to *John O'London's Weekly* of Dickens as Britain's Ambassador, says:

"There is, however, a serious situation arising which bids fair to undo all the good abroad which his writings have hitherto achieved. I refer to the filming of his novels. English, Dutch, and American companies have produced Dickens films which are too often inaccurate. Herein lies a danger. The films influence so extensive a public in all countries of the world that misrepresentation by them of an acknowledged writer tends to discourage thousands of potential admirers from reading his books. With Dickens's works there is no excuse for such inaccuracies; the filming of them should be a mere matter of following directions in the text."

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Books of Special Interest

On Optics

HELMHOLTZ'S TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGICAL OPTICS. English Translation from the Third German Edition. Edited by JAMES P. C. SOUTHALL. Volume II, "The Sensations of Vision," 1924. Volume III, "The Perceptions of Vision," 1925. Optical Society of America. $7.

Reviewed by M. R. NEIFELD

SINCE the days when Helmholtz first published his encyclopedic volumes on optics, the science of psychology has come forward to take its rightful place among the fields of research. Like the other long recognized sciences it has defined the type of phenomena with which it is concerned, and it has developed the methods and the tools of research necessary for adequate handling of that portion of the totality of possible knowledge which it has taken as its own.

If Helmholtz were now publishing his work for the first time, it is certain that he would not (at least for the second volume) be content with "Physiological Optics" for a title. This volume very properly bears the sub-title "The *Sensations* of Vision." The 480 pages of text (which include the various appendices) treat material that is discussed—in the barest outlines, to be sure—in the section on vision in any of the good modern psychological manuals or texts. It would have been much better (as was pointed out in a review of the first volume in these pages) if Helmholtz had called his treatise "Psychological Optics." The interest of the pure physicist ceases just at the point where it becomes proper to speak about "sensations of vision." The physicist as such is interested primarily in the physical wave lengths of light, but the moment these have stimulated the eye and have been converted by the "transformer mechanism" of the retina into the messages that the cerebral cortex interprets as *sensations* of color, he has lost the phenomena with which he, as a physicist, is qualified to deal. To be sure, there are the frontiers of science—the no-man's land of research worker—where the hard and fast boundary lines of the elementary texts disappear, and into which all sciences send their exploring parties. Substantial gains are made not by mere appropriation or annexation of unclaimed territory, but by methodical advance and consolidations of minor gains with existing systems of organized knowledge. The physicists would have been spared many unpleasant experiences and naïve errors if they had recognized—as Helmholtz himself did—that sensations are properly the study of the psychologists. Unfortunately, the disciples have seen less clearly than the master, and have failed to recognize and allow for the importance of the psychological point of view.

Some of the material in the second volume has naturally been supplanted by the results of more recent research, but a surprisingly large portion of it still remains of immediate value to scientists. Particularly so, because of the inclusion of three notes especially prepared for the English translation by Professor v. Kries on Normal and Anomalous Color Systems, and on Theories of Vision, and by the addition of a partial bibliography of works relating to the sensations of vision which have appeared in the interval since the publication of the third German edition in 1911. This makes available in one volume the most comprehensive survey of the whole subject to be found anywhere. But of even greater importance in modernizing the volume is the inclusion at the end of a chapter on "The Nature of the Color Sensations," by Christine Ladd-Franklin.

Dr. Ladd-Franklin is the originator of the Ladd-Franklin color theory to which the English physicist, Peddie, in a review of "Physiological Optics" in *Nature*, gives the high praise of saying that it "may prove to be the actual state of things." Coming from a physicist this is rare praise, indeed, and considering that the editor of the English translation is himself also a physicist, the inclusion of the discussion by Mrs. Franklin in the volume, would indicate that the physicists are coming to see, what the leading psychologists have recognized, that her synthesis of the facts gives the only valid explanation of the complex phenomena of color vision.

She points out that the Helmholtz theory is not a theory at all, but merely a statement of the fact that all the colors of the spectrum can be matched by physical mixtures of red, green, and blue lights—that the *stimuli* for the one hundred and sixty discriminable color tones of the spectrum can be secured by the appropriate mixtures of only *three* wave lengths. The sensations that result are, however, five in number, and not three, for yellow and white are just as good psychological elements as are red, green, and blue. Furthermore, besides recognizing the existence of only three out of the five light sensations (black, the non-light sensation, is accounted for independently in most theories), the Helmholtz explanation overlooks the grouping of yellow and blue, and of red and green into "disappearing" color-pairs. It offers no explanation of why there are blue-green and blue-red sensations but no red-green or yellow-blue sensations.

Prior to the enunciation of the Ladd-Franklin theory, Schültze and Parinand had established the remarkable fact of the double structure and the double function of the retina (rods and cones). It was known that rod-vision is white vision, and that cone vision is chromatic vision, and also that the yellow-blue chromatic pair preceded the red-green pair. The outermost region of the retina is sensitive to white only, the middle region to yellow-blue as well, and only the foveal region is sensitive to red-green. It is also in this order inverted that the colors are lost in cases of diseases of the eye such as tobacco amblyopia and progressive atrophy of the optic nerve. It is the rods that alone function in the twilight vision, and this accounts for our inability to see colors in the dark.

Later the acute researches of Ramon y Cajal were to prove unqualifiedly that the cones are anatomically nothing but more highly developed or evolved rods. When Weigert discovered that a specific light-sensitive substance (such as is present in the rods and cones) need not show color to the human eye, Hecht followed with proof that save for a "molecular rearrangement" the same substance is present in the cones as in the rods. These discoveries form the perfect groundwork upon which are built the explanation of the psychological considerations of color vision offered by the Ladd-Franklin theory.

It should be mentioned in closing that this work of Helmholtz can be obtained from the secretary of the Optical Society, Professor Richtmyer of Cornell University.

Air Travel

THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT; as Related by LIEUTENANTS SMITH, NELSON, WADE, ARNOLD, HARDING, and OGDEN to LOWELL THOMAS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926.

THE airplane which has brought so much that is new into war and commerce, has added a new element to exploration as well, for air travel over routes that have never been traversed by that means before combines the most rapid motion known to man with thrills and hazards, and perhaps hardships, quite equal to any that come to voyagers on foot, by pack train, or by canoe. Five chapters in this book and five weeks in actual time of the flight suffice to take the world flyers from Tokio through China, Indo-China, Siam, and Burma to Calcutta. On the way there had been adventure and misadventure culminating in a forced landing on an Indo-Chinese river, such as might have occupied for many months a traveler by more prosaic conveyances.

It is a fine story of a fine undertaking, this story told by young men who accepted it all in the day's work, and who related each experience as simply and as straightforwardly as they had met each obstacle that arose. Each of the six has his part in the telling, and in the chronicler selected to assemble the parts into a consistent whole flyers, publishers, and readers alike, have been fortunate. Taking the assignment on only after the flight was completed, and receiving discontinuous scraps of narrative as he must have done, Lowell Thomas, already famous as the historian of Colonel Lawrence's exploits in Arabia, and more recently through his own travels in Afganistan, has been wonderfully successful in creating a smoothly flowing sequence and in so unifying the style and endowing the story with literary polish as to make it a real pleasure to read on its own account.

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Books of Special Interest

A Wife's View

DOSTOIEVSKY AS PORTRAYED BY HIS WIFE. Diary and Reminiscences of Mme. Dostoievsky. Translated from the Russian and edited by S. S. KOTELIANSKY, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $4.25.

Reveiewed by PRINCESS RADZIWILL

THOSE who knew Dostoievsky well, and most of his friends, never cared much for his wife whom they considered as infinitely his inferior from the intellectual point of view; indeed they carried their dislike for her so far that outsiders who heard them speak became inclined to attribute to prejudice some of their harsh judgments. The volume of Reminiscences of Mme. Dostoievsky which has just been brought out in this country confirms their estimate of the woman, who honest, devoted, and loving, was nevertheless not the companion whom the great Russian writer needed. She admired him, she believed in him, she even shared his work in as much as she wrote it out after he had dictated it to her, but the soul of that work, the spark of genius which pervades every page of his books, failed to touch her. She knew he was a great man, a wonderful author, she grasped the fact that his books would live if not for ever, at least far longer than his generation and several of those that were to succeed it, but this was all. The tragedy of Dostoievsky's life, the lessons he had learnt in that terrible Russian prison in which the best years of his existence were spent, the moral battle he had to fight, the anguish and desolation which filled him with such intense despair, with such immense sadness, all that was passed by her as an incident, and she never realized that without all this sadness, this despair, this anguish, and this desolation, we should never have seen the works of genius among which the "Memories of a Dead House" stand out so prominently. She loved Dostoievsky most sincerely, but hers was a love such as one meets every day, while he required one of these passionate affections that are as rare as real virtue or real genius, an affection which extends itself even more to what a man has done, than to the man himself.

Dostoievsky, and this must never be forgotten when attempting to pass a judgment on him and on his works, was not a normal man. This his wife knew, but at the same time did not appreciate. She attributed his strange fits of depression to the epileptic fits from which he suffered, and probably she would have been most astonished had anyone suggested to her that they proceeded more from the sense of loneliness which every genius experiences at times than from his illness. With another wife the Russian writer might not have lived in such comfort as that with which Mme. Dostoievsky tried to surround him, but he would certainly have been happier, from the intellectual point of view at least.

The fact that she assembled together the Reminiscences which are now brought out after her death, and did not hesitate to connect them with the diary she had kept all through her married life, shows her lack of appreciation of the mental difficulties which were constantly assailing her husband. Quite sincerely and unknowingly, she has done her best to destroy the halo surrounding the head of the great writer, and lowered him by her descriptions of his passion for gambling and other incidents of the same kind, which by now would have been forgotten even by Dostoievsky's enemies had her book not brought them back to remembrance. For us who cherish the memory of that extraordinary man, they are painful reading, and it would have been far better for his memory had they been consigned to oblivion, instead of being made the *leit motif* of Mme. Dostoievsk's book.

It is not even an interesting book, because it leaves one with the impression that so much might have been said in it that has been passed off as unworthy of attention; for instance the death of little Sonia, which was such an important event in Dostoievsky's whole existence, and about which he spoke in such touching terms in his letter to his personal friends. Then again the while incident of the inauguration of Pushkin's monument in Moscow that occupied such an immense place in the writer's intellectual life, and the speech he made on that accasion which was so to say the Nunc Dimittis of an existence from which pain had never been absent and joy had been a rare incident. All this is ignored by Mme. Dostoievsky, probably because she failed to appreciate its importance in the mental struggles from which Dostoievsky was never free, and which tormented him until the last sigh he breathed.

The most interesting parts of this book are a few of the letters quoted towards its end as well as the appendix, but here again we long for what has been omitted, and regret what has been told. Certainly the memory of Russia's great writer will not gain anything through the publication this way, and the fact that it will not suffer from it, goes far to prove how really great he was.

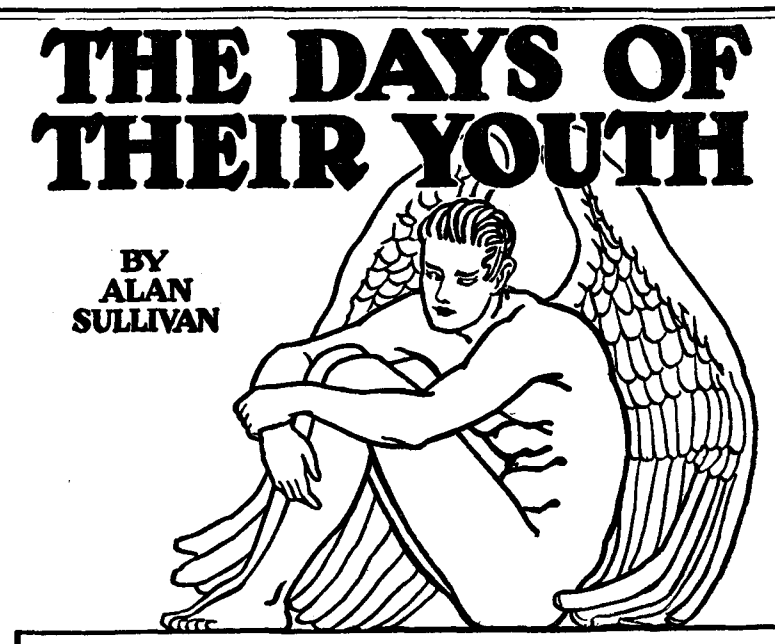
There isn't such a thing as a perfect novel; I don't think there's a perfect sonnet.

—Allan Monkhouse.

Lady — one of the world's most tiresome women, was full of her latest discovery, a very decorative young soldier, who had won far more than his share of medals in the war. "And do you know," she added in a vibrating voice, "he was wounded in sixteen places."

Lady Russell looked at her with a plaintive smile. "I didn't know men HAD so many places," she said.

—Beverly Nichols, in "25."



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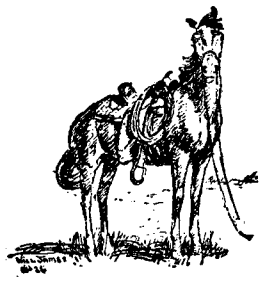

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Foreign Literature

Two German Anthologies

EWIGER VORRAT DEUTSCHER POESIE. Besorgt von Rudolph Borchardt. Munich: Verlag der Bremer Presse. 1926.

THE GERMAN LYRIC SINCE GOETHE. An Anthology by Maximilian Bern. With an Introduction by William Rose and a chapter on Metre by Henry Gibson Atkins. London: Librairie Hachette. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

OF anthologies, in most important languages, we have lately had so many that newcomers need to possess special qualities to ensure acceptance. Both of these recently published volumes can claim such qualities, particularly the first, which we can at once heartily recommend to any student of German poetry who wants the pure gold of German poetry from the beginning, and does not need any critical apparatus or biographical material. Herr Rudolph Borchardt, translator of Dante, Swinburne, and Landor, and poet and lyrical dramatist of delicate sensibility, comes forward to essay for German poetry what was exquisitely done a year or two ago for the best age of German prose by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in his "Deutsches Lesebuch" (issued by the same firm of publishers, with their distinctive and distinguished typography)—namely, to give a collection of all that verse which, in his opinion, has achieved permanence by its intrinsic beauty. His model is admittedly the "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics," which the sound judgment and absolutely correct taste of Palgrave and Tennyson succeeded in making the perennial collection of all English lyric poetry which was "neither modern nor ancient, but true and speaking to the heart of man alike throughout all ages."

Herr Borchardt's plan differs in certain details from Palgrave's. The English anthologist began with the Elizabethans; the German collector must look earlier for a really rich send-off for his book, and he finds it in the lyrics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In the midst of this exquisite love-poetry he suddenly inserts Goethe's "Gretchen:"

Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnadig meiner Not,

the first intimation that he is going to be much freer than Palgrave from the trammels of historical arrangement and mere representational selection. After this he proceeds again more or less chronologically through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, lyrics of love and gallantry being interrupted by Luther's "Feste Burg," to be resumed again and continued until we reach the delicious "Mund und Auge" of an unknown Alsatian poet of the early seventeenth century:

Das Aug hat Macht und Kraft
Und kann gar viel erringen
Doch bleibt die Meisterschaft
Dem Mund in allen Dingen
Der Liebe Grund besteht im Mund.

After this we hear the solemn spiritual note struck in the lyrics of Gerhardt and Mayfart, a note which Herr Borchardt, in his commentary at the end of the collection, asserts is the main characteristic of German poetry at its highest. Except for the perfectly just juxtaposition of Eichendorff's "Greisenlied" with Grimmelshausen's "Trost der Nacht"—such accurate arrangement, like the placing of jewels on exhibition, is a remarkable feature of Palgrave's collection and has here been most successfully imitated—the pages that follow are more or less in order of date.

It is usual to criticize an anthologist more for what he omits than for what he includes. This would be ungrateful in this case, so rich is the treasure offered, were it not for the fact that Herr Borchardt has raised the challenge himself. He has given the best of Goethe, Schiller, Eichendorff, Lenau, Rückert, Brentano, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, Hölderlin, Kleist, and, alone among living poets—although he avers a wish to have given, had he been able, Stefan George—Hugo von Hofmannsthal. But there is no Chamisso, or Hebbel, or Geibel, or Fontane, or Liliencron; no Arndt, no Nietzsche. For most of these omissions Herr Borchardt produces a defence which, too long to discuss here, strikes the writer as sound. He has made his aim the selection of beautiful German poetry, not poems by German writers, however popular and however "inevitable" in the average anthology. German composers have given a certain adventitious sentimental value to many German poems, Chamisso above all, and stripping their words of this, Herr Borchardt finds no permanent residue of poetical value. Not that he does not admit that certain really beautiful poems, two of Daumer's for example, immortalized by Johannes Brahms, have been helped to fame by music. But they must be capable of going alone. Incidentally we venture the opinion that Goethe's "Uber allen Gipfeln" and "Ganymed" fulfil this condition—but they are not here.

Most challenging to the reader of the ordinary anthology, however, is Herr Borchardt's attitude to Heine. Not only the hackneyed lyrics—inseparable in our memory from Schumann's music—are not here, but there is not even the "Wallfahrt nach Kevlar," nothing but two fragments and four others of the less familiar lyrics, pure gold, admittedly, but in scant supply. Herr Borchardt's defence is a sound criticism of Heine, whom he accuses of a lack of real inspiration, of a too calculating attitude in regard to the effect desired, of artistic insincerity, in fact. It is not at all a new charge, of course; the intrusion of Heine's personality into his lyric vision has been a subject of debate ever since his day, and it is not yet ended. But to find the anti-Heine side taken so practically and decisively comes as rather a surprise. It is the only criticism we would make against a collection which is a permanent enrichment of German literature, and as this enrichment is due to the anthologist's personal taste of which his bias against Heine is merely one side, and a defensible side at that, perhaps we had better not labor the point more.

Those who want plenty of Heine, and Hebbel, too, and many other poets ignored by Herr Borchardt, will find what they seek in Herr Bern's anthology. This was first issued in 1877, and has seen many revised editions since, of which this is the latest, but it still bears the marks of its early origin by the undue space given to a number of later nineteenth century German poets. This criticism apart the collection is a well-balanced, representative collection of the best lyric poetry from Goethe's death to the present day. It has on the present occasion been made more valuable for the student by a competent survey by Dr. William Rose, and a technical account of German metrical form by Professor H. G. Atkins. All the numerous verse-forms discussed by Professor Atkins may be practically investigated later on in the anthology, which thus becomes a useful practical handbook for the academic investigator.

M. Georges Grappe has succeeded in writing a very taking story in his "Un Soir a Cordoue . . ." (Albin Michel), in which he introduces considerable Spanish atmosphere—even more, perhaps, than an ordinary visitor would find there. The hero is a French Consul who falls in love with an unknown Spanish beauty seen for an instant on the street in Cordova. He tries in vain to find her again and finally, in visiting the "alcade mayor"—a strongly drawn type of Spanish gentleman—he discovers his unknown inamorata in the official's wife. A story of intrigue follows. The curious phase of the tale lies in the fact that the lady believes absolutely in conjugal fidelity, and will not break faith, but prefers to murder her husband and join her lover, which she does. But a murderess, however beautiful and seductive, does not appeal to the French Consul. A story that is not always probable but is extremely interesting.

British authors' ignorance of American journalism is always hilarious. In *Daphne Bruno*, a novel by Ernest Raymond, one of the characters finds in a Swiss hotel "eight numbers of the New York Evening Journal, which seemed to be an important literary paper."

—John Mistletoe, *Concensus of Denigrations.*

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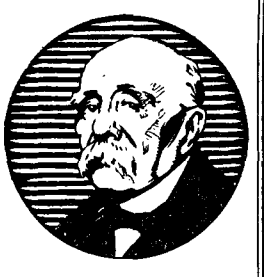

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE MONUMENTS OF CHRISTIAN ROME from Constantine to the Renaissance. By ARTHUR L. FROTHINGHAM. Macmillan. 1925.

This well known book, a trustworthy guide of the educated tourist through the mediæval monuments of Rome and of the Campagna Romana, was first printed in 1908, and has now apparently been reissued without changes. The book does not need to be recommended to the reader again. It is an excellent presentation and analysis of Roman Christian art in all its aspects but that of the minor arts. The author knows how to analyze and how to give a vivid picture. It may be that in his presentation a little overemphasis is laid on the *Roman* aspect of the art of the spiritual capital of the Christian world, but this overemphasis is useful as it stresses a point which is rather neglected in the histories of mediæval art. It is a pity that Mr. Frothingham had not a chance to revise this delightful book before his recent death. With his wonderful knowledge of Rome, and her monuments he would certainly have incorporated in it the abundant new evidence which has enlarged our knowledge of late Roman and early Christian art in the last two decades.

THE EARLY ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. By *Kenneth John Conant*. Harvard University Press.

CHATS ON NAVAL PRINTS. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Stokes.

BUSINESS ETHICS. By *James Melvin Lee*. Ronald Press. $3.25.

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART. By *Frank Rutter*. Dial Press.

Belles Lettres

AS I LIKE IT. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. Scribners. 1926. $2.

There is nothing new to say about Mr. Phelps, in connection with this latest product, or by-product, of his active and casual pen. His method, though his medium happens to be a monthly magazine, is precisely the method of the newspaper columnist. He writes at ease for a constituency of whose indulgence he is perfectly confident. Anything serves for his theme, and everything goes with his audience. He is not a thinker of depth or a writer of high distinction; but he is a good rough-and-ready commentator on men, books, and things, with a pleasant turn of humor, and an excellent opinion of his own opinion.

As a familiar essayist (and his undoubted scholarship is neither here nor there in this connection) his great asset is not any excellence of style or originality of substance. It is his unmistakable gusto, his unaffected relish for all kinds of things and people. And after all, abruptly as he lays down the law, erratic as his judgments often seem in matters æsthetic, it is seldom that the twinkle leaves his eye. He is a little mad about Archibald Marshall and A. M. Hutchinson, but he can keep on smiling about almost anything else, including the west front of Westminster Abbey.

TRANSLATION. By *Edwin Muir*. Viking Press. $2.

FALLODON PAPERS. By *Viscount Grey*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

ALFONSO THE SAGE. By *J. B. Trend*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

OLD KENSINGTON PALACE. By *Austin Dobson*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

SOME DICKENS WOMEN. By *Edwin Charles Stokes*. $4.

YOUNG PEGASUS. Edited by the Intercollegiate Literary Magazine Conference. Dial Press. $2.50.

VICTOR HUGO. GOLGOTHA. By *Edgar Saltus*. Covici.

Biography

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. As Seen By Some Friends. Putnam. 1926. $2.50.

This symposium, under the editorship of E. R. Ryle, Benson's godson and an old Eton pupil, is a fitting tribute to the memory of a man who was not only beloved by a large circle of personal friends but who, on account of his writings, was affectionately regarded by a countless host of unknown readers throughout the English-speaking world. Out of the various papers here presented the portrait emerges of a large-framed, large-hearted man who possessed to an extraordinary degree the quality of kindness and the knack of friendship.

The chapters dealing with the years when he was a successful housemaster at Eton reveal Arthur Benson as a born schoolmaster, and he had in abundant measure the highest reward of such in the love and esteem of his old pupils. In later years, as fellow and finally Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, his relations with undergraduates were equally happy. There were two distressing periods of mental illness in the last third of Benson's life, but apart from these his career was singularly fortunate in its placid usefulness.

Between the man and his works some of the friends who have written here out of the fulness of their affection have felt bound to distinguish. Percy Lubbock has affectionate praise for the man, but discriminating criticism for his books, while the Right Honorable Edward Lyttelton, also writing with deep affection, is, if not a harsh, at any rate an austere critic of Benson's literary product.

The fact is that the man and the writer were two different people. Arthur Benson among his friends was a man of the world, a fellow of infinite jest, robust in mind as he was in body. It puzzled and irked those friends to find him writing with the almost cloying sweetness, the vague introspection, the touch of effeminacy that characterized nearly all his essays. And he, in turn, "could never understand the complaint of his friends that they found another man, not him, in these easy-going mellifluous pages with their rather faint and solemn discourse—another man, most unlike the masterful, combative, richly humored man we knew." Benson paid the price of his own amazing fluency. For him there was nothing arduous in authorship; it was, as Mr. Lubbock says, "a delight and a treat to which he looked forward throughout the day." Once he immured himself in his study with pen and paper, the words gushed out in a never-failing stream. The pages as they were filled were thrown into a waste basket, whence at the end of the orgy of writing they were gathered up and sent to a typist. There is little evidence that when the manuscript came back any serious revision was undertaken. Benson

(*Continued on next page*)

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Ernest Boyd in The Independent says: "When the book is laid aside one realizes that a real human problem has been studied, an unusual situation has been presented, with never a protestation of the superiority of the author and his age over other people and other times."

R. V. Haller in the Portland Oregonian says: "It is a poignantly powerful novel. The characters are boldly portrayed, the crucial situations convincingly presented. 'Walls of Glass' can be recommended as an outstanding current novel."

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

was impatient of the *labor limae*, and besides, by that time this Pegasus was galloping off in another direction. Dr. Lyttelton's summing up of the result of this method of literary production is stern but accurate: "He wrote very charmingly and in a very kindly spirit, but had nothing in particular to say."

Of course, there were other fields than the essay. In editing the letters of Queen Victoria and in the life of his father, the Archbishop, Benson made sincere efforts to school himself to objectivity, with results that met critical approval from the friends who in this volume have deplored the mellifluous fluency of his essays. But his enduring fame is in the hearts of his friends, and perhaps in those thirty or forty personal letters that each day he sent out to the ends of the world.

HENRY VIII AND HIS WIVES. By *Walter Jerrold*. Doran.

MOHAMMED. By *R. F. Dibble*. Viking Press. $3.

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME. Edited by *E. R. P.* Brentanos. $2.50.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. Selected and arranged by *William Hadley* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

MEMOIRS OF SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS. Selected and arranged by *William Hadley* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by *Bliss Perry*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

"THE GREAT AMERICAN ASS." Anonymous. Brentanos. $3.50.

GEORGE HODGES. By *Julia Shelley Hodges*. Century. $5.

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HERE WE ARE AGAIN. By *Bob Sherwood*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. Edited by *Charles W. Sheldon*. Crowell. $2 net.

Drama

TECHNIQUE IN DRAMATIC ART. By *Hallam Bosworth*. Macmillan.

CAKE. By *Witter Bynner*. Knopf.

ONE OF THE FAMILY. By *Kenneth Webb*. Appleton.

REVUES. Edited by *Kenyon Nicholson*. Appleton. $1.50.

RIP VAN WINKLE GOES TO THE PLAY. By *Brander Matthews*. Scribners. $2.

TECHNIQUE IN DRAMATIC ART. By *Hilliam Bosworth*. Macmillan.

THE OSTRICHES. By *Gordon King*. New York: Milton I. D. Einstein, 295 Fifth Avenue.

Education

EXERCISES IN THINKING AND EXPRESSING. By J. W. Marriott. Harcourt, Brace.

HISTORY OF MANUAL AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION UP TO 1870. By *Charles Alpheus Bennett*. Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. $3.50.

CLEAR, CORRECT ENGLISH. By *Roy Ivan Johnson*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

OUR ENGLISH. Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Year. By *Joseph Villiers Denny, Eleanor L. Skinner, and Ada M. Skinner*. 6 vols. 64 cents each.

Fiction

DREAD DWELLING. By RICHMAL CROMPTON. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

Fortified by this quotation from Hugh Walpole, "Old houses can do such things. They can impregnate human souls with their own subtle poison," "Dread Dwelling" tells the story of such a house. One first meets the human souls who are to be impregnated, living happily in their first house in London, a large, charming family of the upper middle class: the father, a jovial, successful wholesale merchant with a *flair* for liberality and no worries ever, the mother, frail, and intensely religious, a very correct eldest son, twin girls, a younger boy and girl. Moreover, there is a married daughter, and, finally, the second son, Donald, just graduating from Cambridge, who has psychic powers of which he is unaware, and who is to be the hero of the story. The house, of course, is the villain. All these and many other characters Miss Crompton handles ably and easily. She is at all times mistress of form and material.

When Donald first hears the name of the house his father has bought, Hanleigh, an inexplicable sense of horror comes over him. That is the beginning. When he first sees it, a perfect Tudor house with mullioned windows, sunken gardens, and avenues of old trees, he is struck by its beauty. But when he enters it the feeling of horror returns, and thereafter the two moods alternate, as the climax approaches. Gradually others feel something of the same horror at different times in the house. A psychic classmate who comes to visit him cannot sleep in the house, and cuts his stay short, after passing one night on the lawn. There is a hermit in the woods nearby, holy and misunderstood, as hermits are apt to be, who knows the evil history of the house, and who plays an important part in the dénouement.

Miss Crompton has a quietly ironical way of drawing her people which, if often superficial, is always entertaining, and this quality adds greatly, through the episodes in the normal life of a large family through which the power of the house makes itself increasingly felt, to the charm of the story. The Croftons are intensely English, and the dialogue is overloaded with that peculiarly British slang made up of "frightfully jolly's" and "ragging," and "beastly long vacs," which may become as trying to the American ear as American slang does to the European.

It is in the tragic episodes for which the malevolent house is blamed that the story weakens. So long as it merely exerts a nebulous evil influence, enhancing the baser characteristics of first one person under its roof and then another, the story is fairly credible, and one admires the skill of the development. But when definite tragedies occur, one cannot quite believe that the house caused them, one is apt to paraphrase and say "The fault . . . lies not in their house, but in themselves," and to remember that the book has set out with a definite thesis to prove. Which is bad for the illusion of the story.

THE FIGHTING SLOGAN. By H. A. CODY. Doran. 1926. $2.

The historic event on which Mr. Cody hangs his flimsy plot is the threatened invasion of New Brunswick, Canada, by a Fenian army, from across the United States border, soon after the Civil War. This, and a little light shed on the struggle of the Canadian provinces to win confederation in the late sixties are the tale's only interesting features. As for the characters, they remind one of paper-dolls cut from baby's picture book. Although the author has produced more than a dozen volumes of fiction, he still writes with surprising crudity and childishness.

I WANT TO BE A LADY. By MAXMILIAN FOSTER. Lippincott. 1926. $2.

The natural possibilities of the initial situation Mr. Foster devises leave favorable chances open for the occurrence of anything. But thereafter, retiring ingenuity from further use, he allows the bathetic elements of the tale to dominate its course, with results that are distressing. Judy Caswell, a southwestern cowgirl, six feet tall, not uncomely, but the equal of a he-man in brawn and courage is our heroine. The death of her father has reduced Judy to the lowly toil of "biscuit shooter" in a frontier town lunchroom. Secretly, she aspires to the daintier ways of more civilized life. Her yearning is intensified by the appearance in the town of a broken down Eastern dude who, though he becomes in short order the village bum, bears ineradicably the traces of having been a gentleman. Enamoured and touched by the derelict, Judy abducts him and journeys with her captive into the wilderness, fiercely determined to work his regeneration. The remainder of the story disappointed us, because it delays largely as one foresees it may and wishes it wouldn't.

SUMMER BACHELORS. By WARNER FABIAN. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

The pseudonym under which this writer performs such discreditable tricks as "Sailors' Wives," "Flaming Youth," and the present one, rumor has it, disguises the name of an estimable and serious novelist. For downright stupidity, tedium, and complete worthlessness his latest effusion is incomparable. The problems of marriage, virginity, potential illicit relations between the sexes, of being nearly sinful, though not to the extent of actually forfeiting physical purity, are, of course, the tale's alluring attractions.

Derry Thomas, one of New York's most beautiful and genteel stenographers, sets forth to lead temporarily a gay life, but not too gay. She swiftly conquers the affections of several wealthy pinheads, some of them married, others single, with whom she romps at night clubs and other retreats of the festive. She is magnificently free to bear the yoke of matrimony, rejecting all such proposals by her doting swains—she just wants to play. Personally, we wished that one of these admirers would give her "knock-

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out" drops, and then delay her removal to the hospital. That event, unhappily, does not occur, Derry, in the end, being securely married. The book is not in the least pernicious; it is merely insufferably silly and dull.

THE LOOM OF THE FOOL. By Austin MacLeod. Doran. 1926. $2.

Two well-known American writers are rumored to have made this book together. This may as well be left at a rumor, so far as their fame is concerned. For there seems to have been little reason for writing this novel, unless a commercial reason. The idea is one of the oldest known, and this is nothing against it as matter for a new story. But its mellow age imposes one obligation on the novelist who wishes to give it fresh meaning: he has got to make us forget its mellow age for the moment. Through some magic of mood and touch he has got to achieve for it a true rebirth. This the authors have failed to do in the present instance. They have simply retold, rather perfunctorily, the story conmmonest in current fiction—the fable of man groping and blundering towards personal happiness.

The fable has, as a rule, one of two heroes—pathetic youth struggling to "find itself" and its mate; or pathetic middle age struggling to escape the toils of circumstance and to win back the freedom or at least the dreams of youth. Richard Gordon is of the latter type. He is a youngish widower, whose esteemed but domineering wife has suddenly departed this life. He has a guilty sense of escape. Now he can do what he has always wanted to do. He can cast off the shackles of "business," and become that (theoretically) romantic person, a novelist. And of course the first thing to do, the first step towards freedom and fame, is to beat it out of his middle western city and steer for Greenwich village, where genius dwells. He duly does this dismal thing, and after a good deal of routine bohemianism, and divers contacts with the complementary sex, he writes a remarkable book and goes back to his home town to marry the admirable person who is waiting for him there. If you care two straws about Richard, you may be mildly interested in his story. Our impression is that his authors trumped him up out of whole cloth, without adequate cause.

DEVICES AND DESIRES. By Vera Wheatley. Dutton. 1926.

No novel was ever more surely than "Devices and Desires" the product of a woman's imagination. Miss Wheatley has fabricated an English group of young people and subjected them to a seemingly endless entanglement of proposals and rejections, marriages and infidelities. Over the whole book there is the dull smirch of a pseudo-realistic treatment of sex, a faintly disgusting permeation similar in sensuous effect to the stale mixture of anesthetic and disinfectant that assails the visitor to a hospital. Of course the internes and nurses do not notice the odor; neither, probably, is Miss Wheatley aware of the effect that her narrative will have upon many readers. There is nothing actually objectionable, nothing to be censored, in "Devices and Desires;" and for positive merit, the novel surprises us with a few well-conceived characters and occasionally a flash of reality. But it never runs above mediocrity, chiefly because of the dulness of the two chief personages, and because of the author's inability to tell a story with vigor. The lasting impression gained from the novel is one of a factitious realism that at bottom is merely the mauve-tinted sentimentality of the Ladies' Aid in its less inhibited moments.

THE BELOVED RAJAH. By A. E. R. Craig. Minton, Balch. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Craig has chosen an almost incredible plot for her novel, "The Beloved Rajah." We are in India again, not the India of E. M. Forster, or even of Maud Diver, but a blossoming land where romance scents every breeze, where infelicities of climate are unknown, and all is ripe to further the love of a handsome, "clean-minded" Maharajah for the beautiful, unsophisticated Chalys Nairn, daughter of an officer in the British army. But in spite of the romance and the general high-mindedness there are racial prejudices and tears, and we would not be fair to the author if we did not record that the climactic passages are written with zest and conviction. The beginning and the last few pages have, however, a rather pale and sickly cast. This enervation is largely caused by Mrs. Craig's effort to depict the awakening of love in the heart of a "pure" young girl; such an awakening is the business of a first-rate novelist. Minor merits are the restrained use of local color and the modicum of factual information about India that whoever is receptive may gain. All in all "The Beloved Rajah" is pleasant and harmless; it is, in fact, approximately as good as it could be considering the limitations of plot and treatment that Mrs. Craig has set for herself.

THE MAD BUSMAN. By I. A. R. Wylie. Doran. 1926. $2 net.

This book is a collection of short stories from which a few stand out as having integrity of purpose, while the rest, although all are excellently written, show Miss Wylie once more making peace with the happy ending. This tendency reaches its height in "Pas de Quatre" where the author outdoes her usual marital adjustments for two by juggling with four characters, criss-crossing their loves for a time and then (even snatching one from the jaws of death for the purpose) straightening everything out for the *finale* of "a man burgling his own house with the front door wide open, laying infatuated siege to his own wife." But it is ungracious to dwell upon such details with "Little Fraülein and the Big World" still to be discussed. It deals with a few weeks in the life of a tiny starveling, caught and crushed between the hatreds of two countries. In this story Miss Wiley touches reality. Little can be said of it because its value is organic: its nerves and muscles cannot be dissected; it must be taken as a whole, it must be read. The title story itself is a whimsical yarn of a man who drives a motor bus named Gwendoline with whom he finally elopes. It will amuse anyone, and could only have come from an English pen, which is to say, you are bound to think of Dickens in reading it. "The Wonderful Story" comes near to being a bit of sheer realism; three creatures of the earth move through it darkly to a final light; it is marred, however, by running on after it is obviously finished and through being told through a third person—when the material is such that it should come raw from the author to the reader. The other stories in the volume are of the calibre of good magazine fiction plus the Wylie watermark of distinction.

THE CELESTIAL CITY. By Baroness Orczy. Doran. 1926. $2.

An international gang of thieves, a girl who served them and went to jail for it, a titled Englishwoman married (in name only) to the man she learns to love, an intrigue involving a Russian princess and her famous emeralds, all these are skilfully juggled in Baroness Orczy's latest tale against colorful settings that range from the drab and grey of English prisons and slums to the sparkling sapphire of the Mediterranean, from the beautiful Château de Pertuis near Cannes and luscious restaurants in Vienna to dirty peasant hovels in Bolshevik Russia. What matter if the author has nothing significant to say and an undistinguished manner in which to say it? Or if her characters all run true to conventional types and her knowledge of thieves and their jargon is limited to one or two oaths and the occasional use of "yer" for "your"?

Baroness Orczy is a competent story-teller who understands her audience and is able to feed them the *canetons pressés* and *pêches Melba* they desire. If one's appetite and stomach happen to relish and digest such fare, it need only be said that her hand is particularly expert at their concoction. In short, "The Celestial City" is an excellent yarn, with plenty of movement, a glamorous continental atmosphere, careful structure, and no glaring ineptitudes.

PLAIN TALES OF THE NORTH. By Captain Thierry Mallet. Putnam. 1926. $2.

These are not short stories, but rather what used to be called vignettes, vivid anecdotes and description, well written, and with more of the essential North in them than a dozen romances. Captain Mallet, who is president of Revillon Frères, draws from his personal experience; indeed this is a Journal of the picturesque in the North, with the padding cut out. There are materials (now raw, however) for much fiction of a more ambitious order in this little book, but the reader with taste in these matters will prefer them as they stand.

THE CIRCUS LADY. By Josephine De Mott Robinson. Crowell. 1926. $2.50.

Mrs. Robinson, formerly the most famous circus rider of her time, here writes her vivid and simple, but uncommonly interesting life story. Descended from generations of French ancestors renowned as equestrian ring performers, she followed from childhood her hereditary calling, but on her marriage, at the beginning of the nineties, gave up her professional career. Fifteen years after, however, impelled by material reverses and the lure of the old days, she made a brief, sensational return, a "comeback," unprecedented, in consideration of her absence's duration, in circus history. Later still, though then past her fiftieth year, she was engaged to "double" for movie stars, doing hazardous feats of horsemanship and risking her life in "stunts" such as her former circus act never required. At the present time, Mrs. Robinson successfully conducts a riding school in Hempstead, Long Island.

MAD RAPTURE. By Elizabeth Irons Folsom. Macaulay. 1926. $2.

The story of "Mad Rapture" hardly lives up to the exotic standards which the title might lead one to expect. There is some madness here, but very little rapture, and the moral inference is always ready to quench any which may appear. It is the familiar story of an imaginative wife who

(*Continued on next page*)

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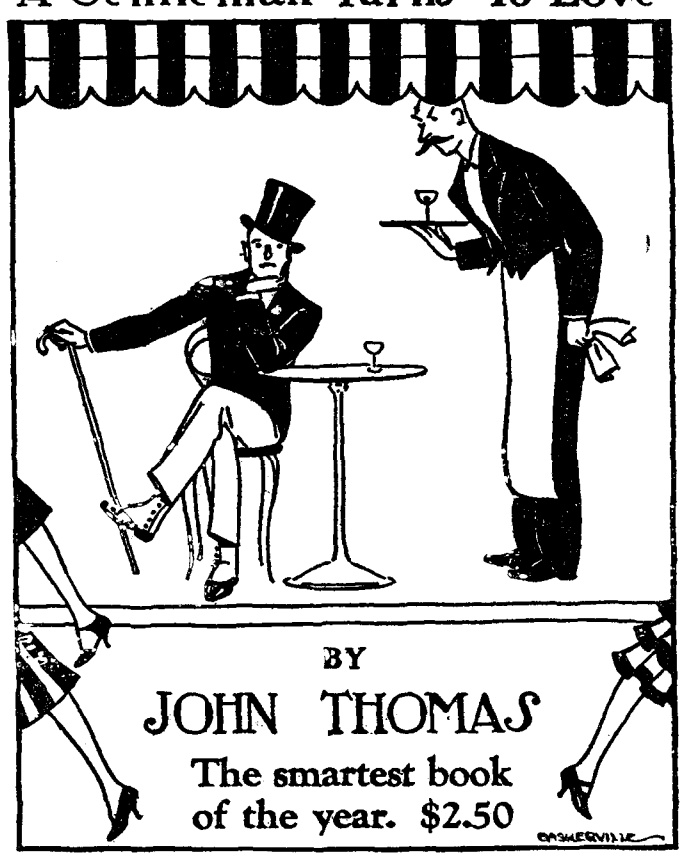

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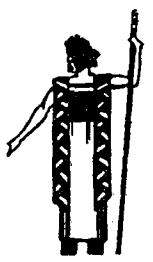

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

leaves a stupid husband and their child, in search of freedom. The scene shifts from an American coal mining town to Europe, and then back again. The style is as cinematographic as the title. Brief synoptic paragraphs are scattered pell mell down the page in the wake of the dialogue, The portrait of the dull husband, a coal operator who by ceaseless attention to petty economies has achieved a measure of affluence, is the best characterization in the book. Camilla Fararr, the heroine, is not essentially different from many other lovely ladies who have stooped to folly in recent fiction. "Mad Rapture" demonstrates anew that there is still a good deal of dramatic power left in the immemorial arrangements of the triangle, unvaried by originality.

FRATERNITY ROW. By LYNN and LOIS MONTROSS. Doran. 1926. $2.

"Let us neck, drink, and make wisecracks, for tomorrow we may graduate." So said Andy Protheroe, perpetual senior and *arbiter elegantiarum* of Fraternity Row, who Charlestons in and out of these stories and by his person and philosophy helps to give them continuity. For the most part, the stories themselves are little more than elaborated wisecracks—some of them very gay and entertaining, others pretty thin—about the racoon-coated, flapping-trousered sheiks and the short-skirted, shingled-headed co-eds of Andy's circle. But occasionally—as in "The Boys in the House," "The Mixer and the Mutant," "The Balmy Old Duck and the Butterfly," and here and there in the other tales—an ironic criticism of college shibboleths and a sympathetic understanding of the would-be sophisticates who take their petting and their Mencken equally straight make these light anecdotes with their smartness and flippancy something more than merely funny.

We don't always believe in Andy—for instance when he impersonates a French professor delegated to show a French mission over the campus and narrowly escapes committing matrimony with the daughter of one of its members, or when he turns in a blank examination book in order to keep from graduating and even reminds the careless professor, who is about to pass him, that the book is blank—but we do believe that the Montrosses have attributed just about the correct degree of importance to such debatable subjects as deans' injunctions, famous alumni, the morals of the younger generation, and drives for the biggest stadium in the world. Their book, immature and unseasoned though it is, may nevertheless be recommended as a chaser to Robert Herrick's "Chimes," not only because its humor will help to wash down the bitterness of that draught, but because, curiously enough, it reaches some of the same conclusions from an entirely different set of data.

THAT LAST INFIRMITY. By *Charles Brackett.* New York: John Day. $2 net.

THE WORLD THAT WAS. By *John G. Bowman.* Macmillan. $1.50.

THE LUNATIC IN CHARGE. By *J. Storer Clouston.* Dutton. $2.

THE DANCER AND THE FRIAR. By *Eugene Paul Metour.* Doran. $2.50 net.

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THE MAN WITH THE SCAR. By *John Lomas.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE." By *Arthur Schnitzler.* Simon & Schuster. $1.25.

SEA FOG. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Knopf

VISIONS AND JEWELS. By *Moyshel Dyoed.* Holt.

JARNEGAN. By *Jim Tully.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

MY SON JOHN. By *E. B. Dewing.* Minton, Balch $2.

IOWA INTERIORS. By *Ruth Suckow.* Knopf.

THE WHITE WOLF. By *Max Brand.* Putnams $2.

THE AVENGER. By *John Goodwin.* Putnams $2.

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON AND AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS. By *Jules Verne* Translated by Arthur Chambers and P Desages (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 8(cents.

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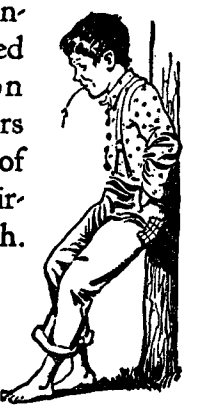

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History

LIFE AND WORK OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. By *Dorothy Hartley* and *Margaret M. Elliot*. The Fifteenth Century. The Sixteenth Century. Putnam. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

THE DOMINIONS AND COLONIAL OFFICES. By *Sir George V. Fiddes*. Putnams. $2.

VOLTAIRE'S AGE OF LOUIS XIV. Translated by *Martyn P. Pollack* (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

THE PRELIMINARIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AS SEEN IN THE ENGLISH PRESS, 1763-1775. By *Fred Junkin Hinkhouse*. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

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STORIES OF AMERICA. By *Eva March Tappan*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK NO. 10. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELEBRATED TOWERS. By *Lorinda M. Bryant*. Century. $2.50.

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THE ADVENTURES OF THE WANDIES. By *Bessy E. Creighton*. Greenberg.

Miscellaneous

THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN MUSIC. By ADOLF WEISSMANN. Translated by M. M. Bozman. Dutton. 1926.

This book shows Professor Weissmann to be a critic of remarkably wide knowledge and sympathies. His general culture enables him to rise above the "guild" point of view to see music in relation to other human experiences. He avoids dilletante rhapsodizing as well as professional dogmatizing. He writes with personal directness, but with more interest in his subject than in his own impressions. As E. J. Dent says of him in his valuable introduction: "Whenever he mentions any musical work we feel at once that he calls up for himself a clear and passionate recollection of its actual sounds." The book is short, in fact rather too short, for when the brilliant discussion of nineteenth century music is finished there comes something of the hurry of the lecturer who tries to get in every name before the bell rings. The translation by W. W. Bozman is excellent. Since the original publication in Germany in 1922, Professor Weissmann has made additions, particularly in regard to English music.

Professor Weissman is neither frightened nor intoxicated by modernity, and he is not blind to the weaknesses of his favorite composers. He judges music by a vigorous standard referring less to past achievements than to an ideal music of the future which is to be rich in rhythm and melody, a spiritualized world-music transcending nationalism. Is this not a prophecy of the second coming of Beethoven?

The "Problems of Modern Music" is an appealing title to many a modern listener who is more conscious of problems than joys. But the problems of the composer rather than those of the listener are treated by Professor Weissmann. He says that he is particularly interested in the problems of the "expressionist school," but he does not solve for us the problem of what is meant by "expressionism." Moreover he reports little, if any, delight in the most characteristic works of Schoenberg, the greatest exponent of this school, and concludes that "expressionism has not yet given us a great form based upon a new melos."

To live up to the title of his book Professor Weissmann should have devoted more than a few passing remarks to Stravinsky, and he should not have neglected to mention the harmonic innovations of Scriabine.

HAMPTON COURT GARDENS. By *Ernest Law*. London: Bell.

FROM AN OLD HOUSE. By *Joseph Hergesheimer*. Illustrated by Philip B. Wallace. Knopf.

THE BEST BOOKS: A READER'S GUIDE. Part IV. Third Edition. By William Swan Sonnenschein. Putnam. $12.

PRACTICAL AUCTION BRIDGE. By *Wynne Ferguson*. Doran. $2.

HANDBOOK OF RURAL SOCIAL RESOURCES. Edited by *Henry Israel* and *Benson Y. Landes*. University of Chicago Press.

PEAKS, PASSES AND GLACIERS. Selected and annotated by *E. H. Blakeney*. (Everyman's Library) Dutton. 80 cents.

Poetry

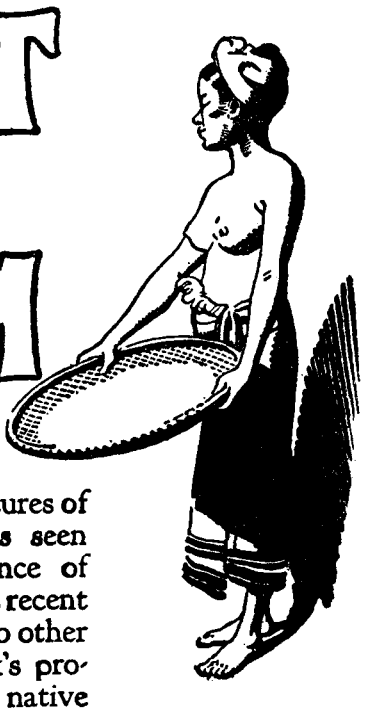
ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN POETRY. By Members of the League of American Pen Women of New York. New York: Hogan-Paulus Corporation. 1926. $2.50.

There is some interesting versification in this collection from the work of members of an organization which is not, in any sense, a clique. There is nothing extremely good, but there are lines here and there of suave beauty or bright color. Love and motherhood, as all of these writers are ladies, are, of course, treated in various styles. There is emotion, sentiment, and—sentimentality. The poet whose work we like best is Jeanne Robert Foster, though Barbara Young and Mary Atwater Taylor are also occasionally memorable. The work of Isabel Fiske Conant and Roselle Mercier Montgomery is known to us. The former uses a concision sometimes admirable. Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas is a fertile writer, though we must gently object to her adopt-

(*Continued on next page*)

EAST of SIAM

by Harry A. Franck



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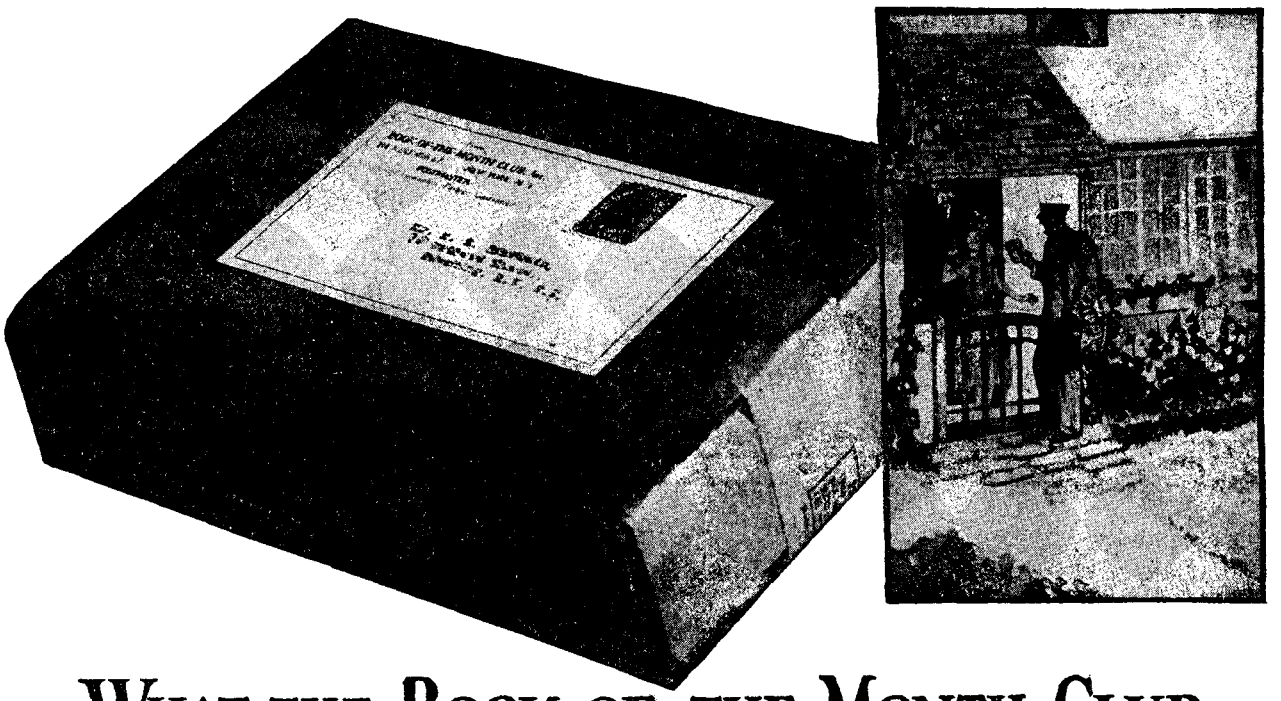

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Christopher Morley

Writes About

THE UNEARTHLY

I was greatly impressed by THE UNEARTHLY. It is an amazingly powerful, effective and well-fermented novel; it is too genuinely good, I believe, to compete in the wide market with other flashier and more obviously readable currencies, but there is no doubt in my mind that it is one of the few really abdominal and spinal novels of this summer's issue. I read it slowly and with gradually warming pulses. It takes the oldest—and I suppose the most shocking—theme of fiction: the suggested reincarnation of a Messiah—and makes of it a story thrillingly efficient and moving. How oddly timely it is, too. The great mob will never read it, and too hasty critics will suppose it dull. But to me it was an adventure and an admiration.

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ing the manner of Alfred Noyes's refrain in his "The Highwayman" for her "The Drummer of Fyvie." Mr. Noyes made that triple beat peculiarly his own. Finally, "The Bazaar of Black Locks" is a spirited and amusing translation from the Afghani by May Folwell Hoisington.

SINS OF SCIENCE. By SCUDDER KLYCE. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. 1925. $3.

Mr. Klyce is a retired naval officer who has devoted some years to meditation on metaphysical issues and who has rediscovered for himself a number of accepted philosophical principles, has fallen into a number of discredited philosophical fallacies, and has nevertheless by vigorous intelligence achieved much pertinent criticism of current mathematical science. But he has not forgotten his naval training. He introduces the manners of the quarter-deck into philosophy, berates eminent scientists as if they were midshipmen, and issues orders to the universe through a megaphone. On nearly every page he identifies his own conclusions with those of a mythical "average man" in whose supposed interest he unites with Bryan in attacking academic freedom. And like the rest he ends by advancing a philosophy utterly removed from the views of the average man.

His starting-point is that of immediate experience. "Knowledge consists of observation or experience of the universe itself." This experience is expressed in language by three types of words— "One Words" expressive of the whole, "Many Words" expressive of the parts, and "Relationship Words" which express the connection of the parts in the whole. His justifiable criticism of mathematical science is that it has neglected relationships and treated isloated parts as if they possessed character in themselves—a criticism which is in principle merely a restatement of one of the main positions of nineteenth century idealism but which is directed in detail with telling force against specific arguments of Einstein, Bertrand Russell, and others. Mr. Klyce, however, vitiates his own conclusions by his anti-intellectualistic bias which leads him to regard relations as "arbitrary inventions" and to conclude with the undifferentiated unity of the mystic instead of the differentiated unity of the philosopher. Hence he refuses to allow even a provisional value to science and parts company entirely with his beloved "common sense" which is the last to admit with him that material individual objects have no reality. In the end, Mr. Klyce, abandoning average men, scientists, and philosophers alike, is left alone with his mythical God who is identical with a Universe of non-existent facts tied together by arbitrary inventions.

Travel

NOMAD'S LAND. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

In less skilful hands this volume might have remained a collection of oddly assimilated travel articles. As it is, the reader jumps from the Sahara to a dude ranch in Wyoming and from the site of ancient Bagdad right up in an aeroplane somewhere above the Golden Gate. But the reader's mind somehow grasps the essential connecting thread, and the chapters on Egypt and the little known regions of Asia seem to bring him quite naturally to the foothills of the Rockies. Likewise, there is little surprise when he is told to take off his woolly chaps and climb into all manner of protective flying gear.

The explanation is not far to seek. Mrs. Rinehart knows how to write. Furthermore, she knows how to see. She knows what to see and she believes that doing is as important as seeing. Consequently there is vitality to her written work, and her books, her chapters, even her pages, convey the crisp quality of actuality. "The desert," she declares, "without its Arabs, is but the place God forgot." In other words, "travel is a matter not of places but of people. It is a matter of human contacts." This is the "connecting thread" that Mrs. Rinehart picks up on the first page of "Nomad's Land" and carries through to the last.

BLACK SUNLIGHT: A LOG OF THE ARCTIC. By EARL ROSSMAN. Oxford University Press. 1926. $1.75.

Those who cherish the records of the great explorers in the Arctic regions need not whet their appetites at sight of the title of this book and the linking of Stefansson's name with it in the introduction. Earl Rossman does not pretend to belong to that company of discoverers who find years of hardship not wasted if they have added a few grains of knowledge to geographical science. He was in the Arctic as a moving-picture director looking for "human-interest stuff" about life in the north. His "log" is the slap-dash account of a cameraman's troubles in accepting canned food, rough quarters, frozen films, and an unruly cast.

Mr. Rossman went to Wainwright, near Point Barrow on the northern edge of the American continent, in the summer of 1923, and came out the following year. His story of his mishaps and successes has neither scientific nor literary value: it has the personal interest of anecdotes told by the returned traveller, when he is invited out to tea and asked "how he liked it" in the North.

BY THE WATERS OF CARTHAGE. By NORMA LORIMER. Stokes. 1926.

Those who had read Norma Lorimer's "By the Waters of Sicily" need little urging to turn to its companion, "By the Waters of Carthage." It follows as naturally as Volume II follows Volume I in a series. For how can one resist the call of the Mediterranean shores of Africa having once traversed the Alps, dropped to the toe of Italy, and crossed the narrow straights to Sicily?

There is, however, a more subtle connection between the books, for the author enlivens her travel impressions with characters, plots, and all the accoutrements of a novel, although her narrative is cast in the form of letters. Furthermore, one recognizes old friends in the African volume; Doris, who was the recipient of the charming Sicilian letters, has now married the writer thereof, and the present volume consists of her letters to him. She has unique experiences "by the waters of Carthage," and vividly retells them in the facile manner sought, but not captured, by all letter writers. The reader feels, in consequence, that he is having a sly glance at private correspondence, and the illusion persists.

Doris is prodigal of her descriptions of camel-drivers, street scenes, bazaars, mosques, minarets, Bedouin jewelry, patios, deserts, oases, cafés, and all the things that one stares at and ponders over—in Africa. Her eyesight is good and she remembers what she has seen when the time for her daily letter arrives. Nor is Doris a recluse. She knows all about the affair of a fellow Englishwoman unhappily married to a Moor of Tunis, and has little hesitancy in writing about it. She even goes so far as to assist in dissolving the union—all of which makes excellent reading. May Doris continue peeping into other people's business, Arabs and English alike, and may "Husband Dear" find time to answer, at some later date, with Miss Lorimer looking over his shoulder! A friendly, chatty, sparkling little book this, inspired by the strange waters that wash a dusky coastline.

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THE EMPIRE AT WAR. By *Sir Charles Lucas.* Oxford University Press. $8.50.

A ROMANTIC IN SPAIN. By *Théophile Gautier.* Knopf.

A WAYFARER IN PROVENCE. By *E. I. Robson.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

WHITE WATERS AND BLACK. By *Gordon MacCreagh.* Century. $4.

MAURESQUES. By *C. P. Hawkes.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE ZULU TRAIL. By *Major Charles Gibson.* Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

THE SACRED FIRE OF CHINA. By *William Edgar Geil.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

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THE LOG OF THE GRAND TURKS. By *Robert E. Peabody.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

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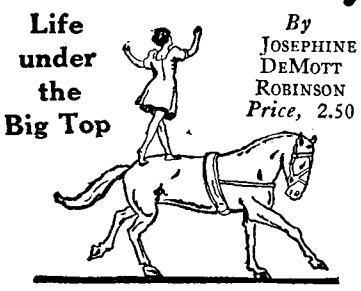

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

CHEVRONS. By *Leonard Nason* (Doran.)

ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN. By *Roy Chapman Andrews* (Putnams.)

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. By *Robert E. Spiller* (Holt.)

C. B., Norfolk, Va., asks what is the best edition of Shelley and of Keats, considering typography as well as text.

WHEN the ten volumes of the Julian Edition are completed we shall have as nearly the perfect Shelley, I suppose, as text and typography can provide. There will be four volumes of poetry, three of prose, three of letters: the one volume (of letters) that have just appeared in England was greeted by columns of enthusiasm. In America the Scribners have 285 sets for sale: Benn has 480 in London. The price is high, but even from a financial standpoint it is an excellent investment. The edition is newly edited, with introduction and critical and biographical notes, by Roger Ingpen and Walter E. Peck: the physical production is in the hands of Stanley Morison. There is important new material in verse (one complete volume of early poems), prose, and letters.

In choosing among editions already in print, I asked the advice of Mr. John Middleton Murry, editor of *The Adelphi*, whose study of the flowering of genius, "Keats and Shakespeare," has already gone into another edition (Oxford University Press). He says that "there is no really complete edition of Shelley if, as I suppose, your inquirer wants poems, prose works, and letters all together, but the best we have is the Buxton Forman edition of the works of Shelley, published in 1876, which should be supplemented by Roger Ingpen's edition of the 'Letters,' published about 1910 by Bell. Of Keats also the best edition is Buxton Forman's. This was published in two forms: a library edition (like the Shelley, not easy to be got) and a pocket edition published by Gowans and Gray of Glasgow in five volumes. This is one of the cheapest and most remarkable books ever published, in my opinion. But if your inquirer wants something better typographically, he could have De Selincourt's edition of the Poems (Methuen) and Colvin's edition of the letters (Macmillan)."

H. D., Gardiner, Maine, who reads Spanish with ease, asks for a book that would give a comprehensive view of Spanish literature, something corresponding to a survey course in English literature from Beowulf to the present, also for some good histories of Spanish literature.

"AN Introduction to Spanish Literature," by George Tyler Norton (University of Chicago Press), is not only the most recent survey, but for the purposes of this inquirer, the best. It is an inspiration and guide to a reader and to no small degree an interpreter of national spirit. The standard histories in English are Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" (Houghton Mifflin), and Fitzmaurice Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" (Appleton); to these may be added F. W. Chandler's "The Literature of Roguery" (Houghton Mifflin). Although this student will not need translations, the English-reading admirers of Professor Chandler's book will be interested in the recent publication 'Luce' of a new translation of "Lazarillo of Tormes" the first picaresque story, and —in the series of "Tudor Translations" (Knopf) in which appears the Herodotus I lately described here—the English version made in 1623, of the second picaresque novel, "The Rogue: or the Life of Guzman de Alfarache," by Matheo Aleman.

H. G. Dwight, author of the subtle "Stamboul Nights" and the sparkling "Persian Miniatures" (Doubleday, Page), has come to the rescue of the Guide before this in linguistic complications. He now adds some advice to my statement, in answer to a call for a French-English dictionary, that Cassell's was the one I always recommended. "Far be it from me," says he, "to knock so present a help in time of trouble. Yet I always root for Bellows, who is published in London by Longmans, Green, in New York by Henry Holt, and in Paris by Hachette. What I like about him is that he is likely to give the kind of word you—or at least I—want to use, instead of the one suggested by the French. Moreover the French and the English (*i.e.*, French-English and English-French) are on the same page, top and bottom; and the gender of a French noun is obvious at a glance, masculine and feminine being printed in different ways.

"Perhaps I should add that I own no stock in Bellows. It is merely that I have had a good deal of practical experience with French dictionaries. Not only have I read French books for the greater part of a misspent life, but for seven years I had to do a good deal of official translating and have latterly translated a novel."

This is the sort of letter for which the Guide is peculiarly grateful. If one like it about an Italian dictionary should arrive, how welcome it would be!

R. A. A., Morgantown, W. Va., asks for criticism and interpretations of the "new poetry," and for its anthologies.

BEGINNING with the latter, the largest and in general the most satisfactory is "The New Poetry," an anthology of twentieth century verse in English, in a new and enlarged edition (Macmillan). This is edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. This question gives me a chance to tell readers that the famous "six-penny poets" of England (beautifully printed pamphlet editions of well-chosen poems of the greatest poets of the English language, living and dead) are to appear in America. Wherever you go in England you see even in country book-shops the racks that contain these inexpensive treasures: what they must have done towards a poetic renaissance I can't say. Now Stokes, in coöperation with Simon and Schuster, will bring out a similar enterprise: Stokes issuing the "Augustan Books of Modern Poetry," British poets, and Simon and Schuster "The Pamphlet Poets," with American poems. The pamphlets will have thirty-two pages each and retail at twenty-five cents.

Although by reason of the power and vitality of his verse Lascelles Abercrombie is numbered among the "new" poets, his book on "The Theory of Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace) uses examples from English classics and standards of criticism not for an age but for all time. Mr. Abercrombie's two essays, first given as addresses, have the vigor of spoken language; they are springboards sending a poetry-lover into a sea of thought. "Modern Poetry," by H. P. Collins (Houghton Mifflin), contains among its stimulating chapters an appreciation of "H. D." (I am often asked for criticisms of this poet) and of A. E. Housman. "Poetic Values," by John G. Neihardt (Macmillan), is like Abercrombie's book, an appraisal of poetry by a poet: the essay on "The Creative Dream" is another of the efforts, now so often made, to let the reader into the secret. Edith Sitwell makes this effort in the brief and striking essay "Poetry and Criticism" (Holt), by turning a searchlight upon one of her own apparently baffling poems and showing how plain it is.

To this group of studies I would add four recently published investigations of the poetic mind: J. Middleton Murry's "Keats and Shakespeare" (Oxford), elsewhere mentioned; "The Psychology of the Poet Shelley," by Edward Carpenter and George Barnefield (Dutton), showing how far ahead of his time he was; "The Mind of John Keats," by C. D. Thorpe (Oxford), and the brilliant combination of biography, criticism, and the "new psychology" made by Joseph Wood Krutch's "Edgar Allan Poe" (Knopf). Nor may I pass by the vivid picture of a poet's inner life afforded by the "Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody," edited by Christina H. Baker (Houghton Mifflin).

H. C. S., Melrose, Mass., asks for critical studies of the writings of Rabelais.

THERE is a new volume, "The Enigma of Rabelais: an Essay in Interpretation," by A. F. Chappell (Cambridge University Press), to add to Arthur Tilley's "François Rabelais." This gives a brief account of his life, especially in medicine and in the quarrel with Voulté which throws so much light on his position on religious matters. It then deals with his humor, with the social questions involved, and with his philosophy. The book is issued in New York by Macmillan.

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Points of View

Desecrating Helen

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Referring back to the letter headed "Sacrilege" of September 11th, 1926, may I put in, too, my diffident protest against desecration of the Homeric Legend as retold by Dr. John Erskine in his "Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Mr. Llewelyn Powys, in his communication from London, has issued a ringing note of utter disagreement, not only with the *literati* and critics of England and America, but also with the sheep-like following of hundreds of readers who have paid the clever, cynical book the sometimes questionable compliment of making it a season's "best-seller," in the congenial company of Lorelei Lee and the gentlemen who prefer her, and others.

It is well that all aspects of contemporary life be treated openly, valiantly, by authors whose one aim is the truth and visualization of man's desire in the new retelling of an old story. Mr. Babbitt of Main St. certainly has his place and business, but as Shelley's lyrics are greater (though his biographer neglect them) than the man André Maurois has exposed naked to the gaping crowd; as the Venus of Melos stands undraped as an undying type of noble beauty, so Helen of Troy is the everlasting symbol of that loveliness, "like in face to some immortal spirit," which lives through the ages and has made flaming altars of the hearts of many men.

Torn, by Dr. Erskine, from the austerity of time and ancient place, set up in Suburbia, made fit gossiping and errant wife for a George A. Babbitt, the realtor and pushing business man, his Helen may indeed make the unskilful laugh, while yet the judicious can but grieve.

Says John Ruskin somewhere: "To the mean person the myth means little, to the noble person much."

The old legendary story of Helen of Troy embodies the great spirit of truths that are simple, of beauty that is eternal. As well put sweater and rolled stockings upon the Venus of Melos and exhibit her as a flapper model, make Shelley the film example of a wild-eyed and erratic sheik, as give the undiscriminating reading public such a false and satiric rendition of the Hellenic legend; that legend that was and is and always shall be, a part of the vanished glory that is Greece and the grandeur that is Rome.

JOSEPHINE WEBLING-WATTS.
Westfield, N. J.

Poe Criticism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Despite all the current interest in Edgar Poe the best criticism of his work that has yet been printed has never been mentioned. I have just finished reading "Facts About Poe," by James Southall Wilson, Poe Professor at the University of Virginia, and even he fails to mention the article I have in mind. Joseph Wood Krutch has written me that he, too, knows nothing of it.

The article in question is by Vincent O'Sullivan, and was published as an introduction to an English edition of "The Raven" and "The Pit and the Pendulum." The volume is beautifully printed and was brought out in 1899 by Leonard Smithers & Comapny. It contains six superb illustrations by William Thomas Horton and a study of Poe, which Amanda Schulte has overlooked in her list of Poe portraits.

Next to Poe, there is no other American artist about whom so much balderdash has been printed as Ambrose Bierce. Both men have a deal in common, and should never be read let alone "studied" and gossiped about, by the average professor. The current tendency is to make plaster saints out of both the aforesaid gentlemen, and to weave delightful fictions about their work. Why not approach the problem directly, from a purely artistic, as distinguished from a professorial, standpoint?—I ask the question and pass on.——

CAREY MCWILLIAMS...
Los Angeles, Calif.

Flaws in a Good Book

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I was interested in your review of Mr. Henry Collins Brown's "The Last Fifty Years in New York." Mr. Nevins, your reviewer, calls attention to the omissions but not to the mistakes of this readable book. There are, however, many inaccuracies. He says the American Institute Fair was held on 3rd Ave. near 63rd St., "where the old horse car barns subsequently stood." The Fair was held in the Empire Skating Rink which was next to the car barns. The last Fair which the writer attended was in 1889 and certainly the cable car was in swing, and they needed power houses more than stables for horses. The car barns were called "The Horse Hotel." On page 163, the Manhattan Opera House is located on "the site of a section of Macy's." It still exists on 34th St., between Eighth and Ninth Aves. On page 284, Father McGlynn is given as "attached" to St. Francis Xavier's Church. Father McGlynn was a secular priest and the Sixteenth Street Church priests are all Jesuits—order priests. Elsewhere Mr. Brown connects Father McGlynn with St. Peter's, Barclay Street. Evidently a mistake for Monsignor McGean, the irremovable rector, who died a few months ago. There are also a number of typographical errors, "Tusaud" for "Tussaud;" "Lymne" for "Lyme;" "Balston" for "Ballston;" "fair" for "fare."

The writer has lived in New York since 1876 and can therefore appreciate Mr. Brown's erudite work but the book must have been carelessly "seen" through the press.

A. A. HOPKINS.
New York.

"It Is Me"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Among the *Reviews* awaiting me on my return from vacation, was that of August 14, containing a front page editorial condemning the expression "it is me" on the grounds that it is ungrammatical and slangy. Permit me to object that "it is me" is not slang, as it is composed of three of the oldest words in our language, used with customary meaning. Nor, I think, is it ungrammatical.

The objection to the expression "it is me" lies in the supposition that a predicate substantive should agree with the subject in case. It is claimed that this use is logical, in spite of the fact that the persistence of "it is me" would seem to prove the contrary. What the objectors mean is, that it is not *Latin.*

When unimaginative Latinists sprained English into Latin forms, it was insisted that case agreements, as well as many other grammatical relationships, should be as in Latin. But English has little affinity with Latin, except in the minds of such scholars; and consequently the old rules are going—such rules as those concerning split infinitives and prepositions at ends of sentences. Jespersen has hastened many on their way.

At last, "it is me" is getting solemn recognition, after scholars have worn out their grammatical boots kicking against it and simultaneously declaring that it really did not exist in English. But the reasons for the persistence of "it is me" are, I think, not those given in the editorial of August 14.

They are, rather, two: First, after a verb, even an intransitive verb, there is a feeling for the objective case. (As the objective case is almost always except in pronouns identical with the nominative, this feeling is usually overlooked.) Secondly, and more important, is the fact that in such a remark as "it is me," emphasis must be placed on the last word, both because of its position in the sentence, and because of the logical emphasis required. The nominative "I" is colorless; the expression "it is I" is as unemphatic as "c'est je" would be in French.

The French, less pedants than we, employ an emphatic accusative form for such expressions; and their "c'est moi," an exact counterpart of our "it is me," is logical and natural.

Likewise, the logical Scandinavians say, not "det er jeg," but "det er mig."

It is unnecessary to remark that English is much more nearly related to French and Scandinavian than to Latin; or that in English emphasis depends almost entirely on choice and position of words. It is unjust, in view of these facts, to insist that speakers of English abandon the natural, logical, clear usage of themselves and their linguistic relatives, and adopt the sort of stilled phrasing a scholar of the Latin persuasion would use in talking English according to Latin rules.

It is time to cease worship of Latin, and to consider English idiom.

S. A. NOCK.
Carleton College,
Northfield, Minn.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A LINCOLN MYSTERY SOLVED

ADMIRERS of Abraham Lincoln have tried for years to identify the author of an anonymous quotation in William H. Herndon's biography which does violence to the accepted estimate of the martyred president's character. Dr. William E. Barton, a well known student of Lincoln's life, believes he has proved who wrote it. He has told the story of his discovery and its importance in a special article in the *New York Times*.

In the introductory remarks to the famous letter about Lincoln, Herndon said:

"I beg to note here in passing the estimate of Lincoln's mind and character by one of his colleagues at the bar at Springfield, who still survives, but whose name for certain reasons, I am constrained to withhold. I still retain the original manuscript."

Herndon's biography was copyrighted in 1889, and published early in 1890; the time of writing, therefore, was about 1869, and the author of the letter was living as late as 1889. Practically every colleague of Lincoln at the Springfield bar has been checked off as either a possible or impossible author of the letter. Those under suspicion have narrowed down to four or five persons, all of which it now appears are innocent.

Dr. Barton tells the story of his discovery as follows:

"I have just returned from a visit to California. There I spent two days in the Huntington Library at San Marino. . . . No library administration with a large amount of manuscript material, and adding to its collection by the cartload, knows, or can know, what it has. All such libraries are dependent on special students to discover and tell them what they possess. I found a body of manuscripts wrongly labeled, and which, under its erroneous label, had been purchased with other manuscripts of the Civil War period. It took me some little time to be sure what I had found. Then I discovered that what was before me was the copy of the Herndon source material which William H. Herndon sold in 1870 to Ward Hill Lamon. In it I discovered a number of things that I wanted to know, but I hardly expected to find this one, for Lamon, so far as I can recall, did not use it. I thought he, or Chauncey F. Black, who carried his literary hod, would have used it if they had it. But apparently it was too rank for them. They had it, but apparently Herndon prohibited the use of its author's name. It is not signed.

"But when I came to read it through, and compare it line for line with the Herndon copy, I discovered that Herndon had abbreviated and edited it. The omitted part is even more uncomplimentary to Lincoln than the printed part, and I will not be the one who shall give to the world the unprinted portion. But Herndon also added a little, as for instance, the statement that the author and Mr. Lincoln had always been good friends. The writer himself did not make any such protestation of friendship. And he did not say that he wrote at the request of a "brother lawyer," but of "a broker."

"But if Lamon was not permitted to copy the signature of the writer of this estimate of Lincoln he was determined not to run any risk of himself forgetting. And in the margin, opposite Herndon's description of this Springfield lawyer, the initials appear in small, carefully made capitals, printed with the pen—"E. B. H."

"E. B. H." is construed to be Elliott B. Herndon, a brother of William H. Herndon, city attorney of Springfield during 1854 and 1855, and county attorney in 1856. He was one of Lincoln's bitterest opponents and was known to have expressed views somewhat similar to those in the famous letter. It now appears that two men are responsible for it, Elliott B. Herndon who wrote it, and William H. Herndon, his brother, who, knowing essentially what it would be, procured the letter and assumed responsibility for its publication. All the rest of the lawyers who resided in Springfield or occasionally came there to practice before the Supreme Court, will be under suspicion no longer.

THE PIPER.

WITH the September issue, *The Piper*, monthly herald of the publications of Houghton Mifflin Company, presents itself in a changed guise. Its appearance marks a departure from the ordinary methods of keeping the public informed of the books which the publisher is bringing out, as it is prepared with the belief in mind that the best way to spread the news of a good book is to read a little of it. The studied purpose of the new *Piper* is to stimulate interest in good reading, to give to the public the exact knowledge of the new publications of its publisher necessary for a wise choice, and, in general, to serve as an intermediary between its readers and the world of books. It endeavors to achieve a greater spaciousness in its treatment of books than the usual publisher's bulletin; to get away from the narrowly descriptive and merely laudatory; to take a wider and more general view of the literary world; and, in short, to treat books less as something to be sold and more as something to be read. *The Piper* is issued on the fifteenth day of nearly every month and is obtainable without charge on application to the publishers. Over 25,000 readers, including critics, editors, teachers, collectors, and others are receiving it regularly. In its new attractive typography, illustrated, the bookish contents of *The Piper* is well worth the attention of the booklover.

NOTE AND COMMENT

MARTINUS NIJHOFF, of The Hague, distinguished bookseller and publisher, is in New York and will be the guest at the 50th convention of the American Library Association at Atlantic City next month.

The report that Thackeray's home for seven of his happiest and most productive years—the house in Young Street, Kensington, where "Vanity Fair" was written—has been sold and "will soon disappear" has been denied by its new owner who says that "not a single brick shall be disturbed."

Plans for spending the income from the $1,000,000 endowment fund have been made public by the American Historical Association. The work to be undertaken will be under eleven main heads, making a program of activity which is declared to be vital to the development of historical research in America. One of the most important of the immediate tasks will be the systematic inventory, of this country's historical manuscripts, both public and private. The object of this inventory, according to the statement of the committee, is "to enable students to know what papers are available and where they are to be found, and to promote the collection and preservation of such material."

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by John Hargrave

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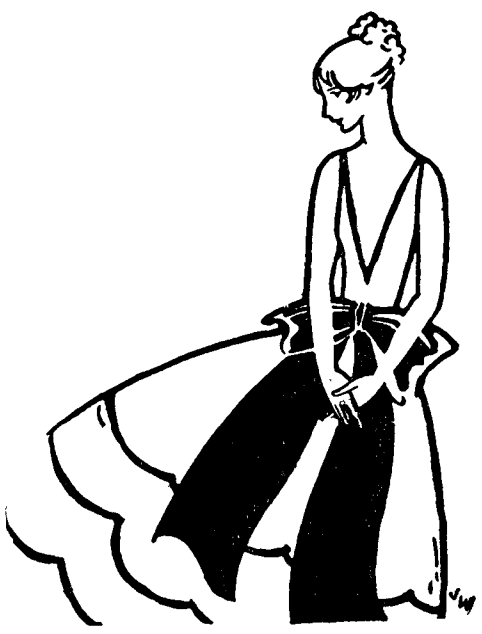

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The Phoenix Nest

IT seems that *Percival C. Wren*, author of "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur," (Stokes) quoted a rollicking stave in the latter book that has brought in a host of inquiries concerning the original ballad from which it is taken. For instance:

Said the Bul-bul, "Young man, is your life then so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For, Infidel, know—that you've trod on the toe
Of Abdul, the Bul-bul Emir!"
The Bul-bul then drew out his trusty chibouque,
And shouting out, "Allah Akbar!"
Being also intent on slaughter, he went
For Ivan Petruski Skivah!

Our suggestion is that *Charles C. Norris*, author of "Bread," "Brass," and "Pig-Iron" be consulted concerning this exhilarating masterpiece, as, in the old days, we often used to hear him troll many of the verses with infinite unction. He and Wren should get together in close harmony upon it. . . .

We are in receipt of eight new volumes of Everyman's Library (Dutton). Among them is "Everyman's English Dictionary," which we welcome as both concise and authoritative. It is just the right size to carry around. Both *Horace Walpole* and *William Cowper* figure in Selected Letters. Biography is represented by "The Memoirs of Sir *Thomas Fowell Buxton*, Bart," History, by *"Voltaire's* Age of Louis XIV," Travel by *E. H. Blakeney's* selection entitled "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers," and two excellent reprints for young people are *Charles Kingsley's* "Madam How and Lady Why" and *Jules Verne's* "Five Weeks in a Baloon & Around the World in 80 Days." . . .

To meet advance orders on *Hugh Walpole's new novel, "Farmer John,"* we learn that a first printing of 50,000 copies of the regular edition and 2,500 copies of the Author's edition was put through and that a further edition of 25,000 copies is in process. Walpole will be lecturing in the United States for several months beginning with October. . . .

For the past fourteen years *Theodore Dreiser* has been rewriting his "The Financier" which was originally published in the fall of 1912. Boni & Liveright are bringing out the new edition. We did not read "The Financier" until 1920. For the first half of it we had to spur ourselves to keep it up. But after much heavy ploughing we reached the end, and the book left with us a powerful cumulative effect; now all we can recall is its massive power. . .

One of the associates of *William Morrow* in the conduct of his new firm is *John Macy*, author of "The Story of the World's Literature." Mr. Morrow states his special interest as being in American subjects, and hopes to discover and encourage young writers. . . .

A correspondent sends us a clipping of the poem *Edwin Markham* wrote for the Staten Island Sesquicentennial, "Lord Howe and the Three Rebels." These rebels were

Franklin, Rutledge, Adams—heroes
Who worship'd truth and hated Neroes.
His lordship's offer was so clever—
That we lay down our arms forever.

"No," yelled Franklin. "Nothing doing!"
Rutledge cried: "We'll keep pursuing!"
Adams snorted: "You'll be ruing!"

Our correspondent comments, "And how delicately discriminated are the words of the dauntless Three. Franklin as ever terse and epigrammatic. 'Nothing doing.' Could anything be more in keeping? Rutledge, who was once for a short time Chief Justice, 'We'll keep pursuing.' He was thinking of his favorite Rasselas, Dr. Johnson's masterpiece. 'Pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope.' And the choleric John Adams—'You'll be ruing.' He probably expanded this sentence into many sentences of invective. And the beginning of the poem, 'When did it hap?' What a glorious beginning!" But be that as it may, the couplet we most treasure in the poem is,

He fled, hot-foot, to the nearby land—
I mean he fled to Staten Island

We place this poem with *Sir William Watson's* magnificent one with the stirring chorus, "And we bit them in the Bight, in the bight of Heligoland," *Sir Alfred Austin's* superb outpouring that embalmed the glorious rhyme, "charged they with force meet—living on horse-meat," and with other masterpieces of the past. . . .

In the October *Yale Review Don Marquis* has some good things to say about newspapers, *Virginia Woolf* on how to read a book, and *Joseph Warren Beach* on our modern prose masters. A goodly array. . . .

We thank Mrs. Elizabeth Key Chewming, of 529 Magnolia Avenue, Orlando, Florida, for an interesting letter telling us how, in her early teens, she knew a girl who was fond of singing "ballets" as the colored people in Texas call their songs of the people. She sang "Red River" and many verses to the tune of what we now know as "Memphis Blues." She also sang of the death of a colored man who was killed sometime before in Fort Worth. The names in the song were "Frankie and Albert."

It was ten years after this, and outside of Texas when I first heard of "Johnnie." Only a few Texans seem to know "Red River"—I know only a part. It is a lovely, sad thing, my favorite.

If you still don't know what "Relativity" is all about, you might tackle the recently published "Relativity" by *Sir Oliver Lodge* (Doran) which attempts to be a simple, clear and non-technical exposition for the layman. Sir Oliver contends that, anyway, the relativists have given us one absolute factor in all physical science. They have broken down the atom, proved that no lines are straight and that the same distance varies in length,—but they have given us one figure; a maximum. This is the speed with which the other will transmit, it is the speed of light. . . .

Mark Sullivan's story of "Our Times," begun in "The Turn of the Century," will be carried on early in 1927 by a book dealing with the Roosevelt era, which will follow the general lines of the first volume in respect to illustrations. "The Turn of the Century" is now in its fifth large printing. . . .

Banzai, fair friends,—though we forget what that means!

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He learned Latin from a Catholic priest in a mountain village in Italy.

He wrote one of the finest elegies in the English language, "Amor Umbratilis," on the back of a dunning letter from a creditor.

He became a convert to the Catholic faith together with Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde.

He wrote most of his verse in honour of an innkeeper's daughter, who, after a three years' courtship, married a waiter instead.

To her he wrote the much-quoted "Cyrana," called THE Poem of the Decadence.

He tried, with no success, to reform Oscar Wilde.

He worked as a clerk in his father's drydock but could never remember the names of the technical parts of a ship.

He loved the work of Loti, Baudelaire and Stendhal, but also admired Hawthorne and Bret Harte.

He died of consumption at the age of thirty-three; and the myth of his more than average dissipation has since assumed ridiculous proportions.

First editions of the works of Ernest Dowson may be obtained from the

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